THE

WITS:

OR,

oems & Songs

ON

Various Occasions.

de Publick for the Delight of the Ingenious.

By a Lover of the Muses.

LONDON,

ted for *Dorman Newman*, at the *Kings Armes* in the *Poultrey*, 1685.

2118

238 b 39

THE

WITS:

OR,

oems & Songs

ON

Various Occasions.

ade Publick for the Delight of the Ingenious.

By a Lover of the Muses.

LONDON,

inted for *Dorman Newman*, at the *Kings Armes* in the *Poultrey*, 1685.

HR. RES.

TO THE

Most Virtuous and Ingenious

Madam *MARY HUNT*,

Of *Sharington*-Hall in *Norfolk*.

Madam,

I Am surpriz'd betwixt Doubt and Duty; The former, least I presume: The following, least I fail. And as resolv'd, and unresolv'd at once, I am dilemma'd, whether it should live, or dye; I that am Judg dread my own sentence, if I condemn it? Why did I write it? If I reprieve it, I am a fool in Print. Thus guilty, or not guilty, I must suffer.

But Madam, *I am at a favourable Barr, and waving Merit, submit to Mercy; I have*

heard of some, who by Themselves condemn'd, have been by their Judges sav'd: And who of us but may find like fate? I know my Case here lies under the tropick of a piercing Eye, and if Your Candour intercede not with Your Justice? The Printer needs no Errata, for the whole Copy is It: But 'tis left to Your Correction, whose very escapes are perfecter than the Original.

For the Dedication, (presumption set aside) I thought it Equity, Madam, to make bold with You, many of them being compos'd under Your Roof; being there the Subject of my fancie, where I my self was the Object of Your Favour. And as Hares naturally return to take their Ruine, where they took their Rise: So these my Papers to dye at Sharington, where they were born. If You vouchsafe this a pardon, it will be the last Error of this nature like to be committed by

MADAM,

Your most Faithful Servant,

M. STEVENSON.

To the Worshipful,

My very Noble Friend,

THOMAS BROWN, Esq;

Of *Elsing*-Hall in *Norfolk*.

All Happiness, &c.

SIR,

TO present so generous a *friend* such a Trifle, such a Farce of Folly, in return of Favours, of such Value as Yours, were to deal with You as an *Indian*; Glass, for Gold; shadowes for substances: My blushes sure (if I have any left) must needs detect the treachery of my traffick; and, for a Cheat, ex-

plode me *Elsing*-Hall, (which hath hitherto been my *Indies*) whilst these Papers rough and impolite, I present as Pearls, which are, and let me be for once ingenuous; No better than those petty Pebles, I pickt out of the Park Beck, would they were half so solid, or so clear! However, *Sir*, deigne it acceptance, may be I have told You the worst, if nothing else prevailes? You'l find in it the beauteous brace of *Elsing*, which will, I am confident, be so far my sweet and amiable Advocates, You cannot but accept it for their sakes, if not his, whose highest ambition aims but at the Honour of continuing,

SIR,

Your lowest Servant,

M. Stevenson.

To the Accompliſh'd, and his Ingenious Friend, Mr. MATTHEW STEVENSON, On His Facetious *Poems*.

TEll me no more of Lawreated *Ben*.;
Shakeſpheat, and *Fletcher*, once the *wiſer men*.
Their Acts ('tis true) were Sublime! yet I ſee
They'r all Reviſedly compos'd in Thee.
Here the ſwoln Critick, Ideot, and Huff,
Shall bite their Fingers, ſwear they have enough:
Whilſt that the Learned and Sagacious Wit,
Shall ſpeak thy worth, 'tis excellent well writ;
So that thy *Poems*, juſtly ſtiled, runs,
Not defunct *Johns*, but living *Stevenſons*.

Arth. Tichborne.

To the Accomplish'd, and his
Ingenious Friend,
Mr. MATTHEW STEVENSON,
On His Facetious *Poems*.

TEll me no more of Lawreated *Ben*,
Shakespear, and *Fletcher*, once the *wiser men*.
Their Acts ('tis true) were Sublime! yet I see
They'r all Revisedly compos'd in Thee.
Here the swoln Critick, Ideot, and Huff,
Shall bite their Fingers, swear they have enough:
Whilst that the Learned and Sagacious Wit,
Shall speak thy worth, 'tis excellent well writ,
So that thy *Poems*, justly stiled, runs,
Not defunct *Johns*, but living *Stevensons*.

Arth. Tichborne.

Poems.

To the fair Madam M. H. *at* Sharington-*Hall in* Norfolk.

INſpire Me now or never (Muſe)
My Theam is higher than it uſe
And yet, unleſs Her Self inſpire,
My Muſe and I are ne're the Higher.
Fancy ſublime thy ſelf, and raiſe
Some rapture, 'tis an *Angel's* praiſe;
I can a due to Great Ones give,
But She is a Superlative;

What's writ of Her must be expreſt
Above my Self a Sphear at leaſt;
Others, (and that too may ſuffice)
I ſerve with ſingle Sacrifice:
But to her Altar he that comes,
Can bring no leſs than hecatombs.
Ten thouſand Hearts may Sacrifice
And burn themſelves in her bright Eyes.
Her Face is a perpetual *May*,
And fairer than *Jove*'s milky way.
Something there's in't does raviſh Me,
But I cannot tell what 'tis I ſee:
For, if I cou'd define the bliſs;
Alas! it were not what it is.
Her Soul does through her Body ſhine,
And makes the whole, wholly Divine:
Her Ingenuity is ſuch
Impoſſible to praiſe too much:
Nor had my Language been ſo free,
But here's no fear of flattery:
For, when I've done, I've ſed no more
Than all that knew Her, knew before.
Go number all the Stars of Heaven,
Her praiſes, and thoſe Stars are even.
I might her Trophies higher rear,
And truly too, but I forbear
Leſt if Her Fame be further hurl'd
I make a Bonfire of the World;

Some

Some happier Pen, his own and virtue's Friend
Come and Begin Her Praises where I End.

To my Lord B.

I Never had, as yet, the grace,
My *Lord* to see Your Honors Face.
And yet I know You, by that *Name*,
Spreads and perfumes the Wings of Fame.
A *Name* that may (as well as She)
Pretend to an Ubiquity.
For Your Extraction, 'tis so High,
As it transcends my Heraldry;
But, what is Higher yet than it,
You are the Prodigy of Wit,
Which does You to the World evince,
By Birth a *Lord*, by Parts a *Prince*.
I might say more, but this is such,
Troth, I'm afraid I've said too much.

To the Boy *that brought up the Bottles of bad Wine.*

BAstard to *Bacchus*, *Pluto*'s Ganymed!
Is this your Sack? Dam' ye 'tis pald, 'tis dead,
'Tis flat, 'tis worse, 'tis horspox'd with a stum
Beneath the Vault of *Vinuperium*.
Faugh! bring such paultry Porter's wash to me?
Tartar, take heed, I'le lay ye by the Lee,
(*Rat*) I will Thee into the Bunghole drive
And *Digby*-like ingredient Thee alive,
With Snakes and Vipers by my Chymick craft,
And quaff thy Youth up for my Mornings draft.
But, if your Master shall in fault appear?
As seldom Vintner but's Adulterer:
Then, sirrah, you shall run and press a Carr,
Mean while I'le sentence him at his own Barr;
Yet, if he won'd another Vintage live?
(A perroll that my patience scarce can give)
Let him run down, and draw me in a trice,
Sack he to *Bacchus* self would sacrifice:
A Flower that no rare property may lack,
Sprightly, and Unctious, Rich, and Racie Sack,

Sack

Sack that wou'd make the gods of old ſo crank
To ſwear, till now, they never *Nectar* drank:
Then ſhall his Houſe and Cellar have my praiſe
And for a *Buſh*, I'le give Him my own *Bayes*.

Upon Madam A. C. *a fair Lady that dyed of the* Small-Pox.

SO the unruly Blood did over-boil,
That beauty is it ſelf become a toil.
The furious Feaver all advantage takes,
And thus a ſhadow of a *Sun*-beam makes.
Her cryſtal cheeks, that challeng'd once all praiſe
Are now berainbow'd with refracted Rayes.
Forme! yet forbear, and not a reaſon aſk,
Since Heaven is pleas'd to put thee on this *maſk*;
Let no repining open any Lips,
Shall Heaven the Sun, and not thy Face Eclipſe?
Heaven has revok'd the radiance that he gave,
Where *Love* had once his *Throne*, has now his *grave*.
Not but her Soul, that Spark Immortal, burns
Bright in Dark-Lanthorns, or obſcurer Urnes,
Whoſe forme, though faded, and her Face uneven,
Through this red-latice found the way to heaven.

What though distempers moulder the Mud-wall,
Captives are ransom'd where the Prisons fall.
Was it not time to quit that batter'd Fort,
Where every Pimple was a Sally-port?
But she has ended now her Christian wars,
And thus in tryumph carrys off her scars.

Upon John Robinson, *a pretty Witty Boy, that never Suckt.*

SEe here what rarely comes to pass,
A Babe that never Suckling was.
No Milk did ever Him refresh,
But such as he might eat, the flesh:
His Mothers breast oft made him quiet,
Yet, as his Pillow, not his Diet.
His Infancy He so out-ran,
That *Adam* like, He was born Man.
Within a Year, or such a Space
His Feet and Tongue kept equal pace;
His Understanding, *had it* room,
Had spoken in *his* Mothers Womb.
Where he in silence liv'd, until
His Organs cou'd pronounce his will.

His

His Face presents in every thing
A lively Landskip of the *Spring*.
He that for *June* or *July* seeks,
No *Almanack* needs, but his cheeks;
When brisker Rayes shoot from his Eyes,
'Tis *May*, and *April* when he cries.
For roundness, and complexion,
His Face is just an Apple-*John*.
His Locks are Gold, and every Haire,
Nature has curl'd into a snare.
His Body is all over bright,
As *Pelop*'s shoulder, Heavenly white;
And as it is as white as Milk,
It is again as soft as Silk.
Say, have ye not in Temples seen
The Pourtraict of a Cherubin?
Suffice it, though ye know him not,
You have his very Picture got.

Upon Madam E. B. *of* Blakeny *in* Norf. *a beautiful Child.*

SWeet pretty blossom, bloomy thing,
The pride, and glory of the Spring.

Come Painters, come improve your Arts,
In due proportions; See, her parts
So equal, so harmonious be,
As Nature's choiceſt Symmetrie.
Apelles need not wandring go,
For ſcatter'd features to and fro;
For did he hither but repaire,
In her they all Collective are.
The ſparkling Planets of her Eyes,
Are Rivals to the ſpangled Skies:
The liquid Rubies of her Lips,
The Orient Pearls within Eclipſe.
Her Cheeks are made up of delight,
Like Roſes, damaskt red and white:
With a ſweet dimple in her Chin,
For *Cupid* to inhabit in.
Her Noſe the Gnomon of her Face,
As it were Points at every Grace.
Over which Paradiſe of bliſs,
Stands a diviner Frontiſpiece.
Two myrtle Groves her Ey-brows are,
If Groves might but with them compare:
The Hair that on her ſhoulder lies,
Is but the ſhadow of her Eyes.
Whilſt the pale drooping Lilly ſtands
Aſham'd to ſee her wither'd hands.
What then may we expect, when time
Has ripen'd her into her prime?

—*ineſt ſua gratia parvis.*

Upon

Upon ſome Gentlemen Rowing down the River, *on* Friday, *June the laſt, an exceeding hot Day.*

WHen Roſie *June* was in effect
Ended, and *July* New Elect;
A jolly crew together met,
Some parcht with heat, ſome ſtew'd in ſweat:
A goodly Barge, and gorgeous Saile,
They had, but (ſave their ſighs) no Gale.
To ſwell their Canvas; ſure as Death,
The Elements were out of breath.
Yet gentle *Zephyr*, thought not far,
Fann'd 'em along the Cryſtal Yarr:
Whoſe Water-Citizens did play,
And made Themſelves a Holy-day.
The friſking fry wore Coats of Males,
Which Nature made them of their Scales.
And all ſo full of Courage were,
As every Fiſh had been a Dare.
True Trouts above, as they did row,
Sate tipling to the Trouts below.
So pleaſantly they lickt their Diſhes,
You wou'd have ſworn they drank like Fiſhes.

On

On either ſide, each Brimmer fills,
Till they grew red about the Gills.
But all this while *Phœbus* ſtood by,
As he had other Fiſh to fry;
And charg'd 'em with his piercing beams,
Reflected from the ſmooth-fac'd ſtreams;
His furious Rayes doubly deſign'd,
To melt 'em, and to make 'um blind.
'Tis pity none a Cloak had on,
And more, no Wind engag'd the Sun.
Nor none, whoſe fervour could invoke
A Cloud to lend the Sun a Cloak.
But ſee, and ne'er more need than now,
A gentle Willow gave a Bough:
And made 'em the compleateſt Arbour,
Never had Veſſel ſuch a Harbour:
There did they deck the Board with chear,
And what is not a dainty there?
Where every One a ſtomack got,
Wou'd even defie a Muſtard-pot.
For Beer, the Men were ſo well bred,
Always to ſpeak well of the dead.
And for Tobacco, as 'tis fit,
The Pipes did play the praiſe of it.
The Wine well water'd, and well ſtopt,
Drank cool as Snow from Mountains dropt.
But, as They in their ambuſh ſmug'd,
And ſometimes Pip'd, and ſometimes Jug'd;

They

They kend a Fleet, but from the Main-yard,
Cou'd not diſcover *Dutch*, or *Spanyard*:
Some ſaid, whoſe Eyes could better ſee't,
'Twas the white Squadron, or Plate fleet.
But they prov'd Silver-feather'd Gallies,
That us'd to make Freſh-water ſallies.
Their Necks their Maſts, which no ſtorm reels,
Their Feet, their Oars, and Bellies, keels.
Their Wings, their Sayles, their battery charmes,
And therefore they ſtood to their Armes.
And as they did in Triumph Ride,
They gave the Bargers a Broad-ſide;
Their Admiral bore up ſo ſtout,
They durſt have ſworn he wou'd have fought.
Yet not a Gun fir'd from their Bark,
Though never Men had fairer mark:
Yet they had Fire, and Match, and All,
But neither Powder, nor yet Ball.
And, what is worſe, their Teeth now grew
In want of Ammunition too.
Time came to part, for now the Wine,
Tobacco, Beer, and Sun decline.
The back of many a Tench they had
But not the Belly of one Maid:
Venus had ſent 'em Females fair and freſh,
But *Friday* (though her day) was not for Fleſh.

Upon

Upon a Country Parſon and his Man, and a Pariſhoner whoſe Name was Ivorie.

THe *Parſon* ſued him, 'cauſe he call'd him knave
For which poor *Ivory* 7, and 6. pence gave:
And ſo at ſix and ſevens they both drank on,
That, e're they went away, they were quite gone.
The ſeven and ſix pence ſo had *Ivory* ſtir'd,
He cou'd not give the Parſon a good word.
Nay, ſuch a doſe he to his Temples gave,
That, if he wou'd? he cou'd not call him knave;
And, (what I cou'd have wiſh'd had not been true)
The liberal doſe ſilenc'd the Parſon too.
This hap, alas! had never come to paſs,
Had but the Prieſt concluded with his Glaſs.
But *Cupper* cupt ſo much, the Sack ran down
All the neglected Preface of his Gown.
So all be-butter'd too, as if (alack)
The Prieſt had in his Stomack mull'd the Sack.
His *Man* too drunk, wch made him much the bolder
Yet got no Sack, ſave one upon his ſhoulder:
He reel'd about, and ran at every Shelf,
And neither knew his Maſter, nor himſelf.

Ivory

Ivory asleep fell down, and in the close,
Did, for an Ivory, get a scarlet Nose.
They that before so great a noise did keep,
Now slept, and in the righteſt sense, Fox-sleep.
The Popinjay one Fuddle had before,
But when these three were there, then it had four.
And while they slept secure, in came the Watch
And does this pickel'd Congregation Catch.

Upon a Dog *call'd* Fudle, *turn-spit at the* Popinjay *in* Norwich.

Fudle, why so? some Fudle-cap sure came
Into the Room, and gave him his own name.
How should he catch a Fox? He'l turn his back
Upon Tobacco, Beer, *French* wine, or Sack.
A Bone his Jewel is; and he does scorn
With *Æsop's* Cock, to wish a Barley-corn.
There's not a soberer Dog, I know in *Norwich*,
What a pox, wou'd ye have him drunk with *porridg*?
This I confess, he goes a round, a round,
A hundred times, and never touches ground;
And in the midle Region of the Aire,
He draws a Circle like a Conjurer.

We

With eagerness, he still does forward tend,
Like *Sisyphus*, whose Journey has no end.
He is the Soul, (if Wood has such a thing?)
And living Posie of a wooden Ring.
He is advanc'd above his Fellowes, yet
He does not for it the least Envy get.
He does above the Isle of Doggs commence,
And wheels th'inferiour Spit by influence.
This though befalls his more laborious Lot,
He is the Dog-star, and his Days are hot.
Yet, with this comfort there's no fear of burning,
Cause all this while th'*industrious wretch* is *turning*:
Then no more *Fudle* say. Give him no spurns,
But wreck your tene on one that never turns.
And call him, if a proper Name he lack,
A Four-foot Hustler, or a Living Jack.

Upon a Confident Chast Young LADY.

WHen *Jocabella* first I saw,
She seem'd to give her looks no Law:
Methought her Eyes like *Rosia's* Haire,
Frolickt, and wanton'd with the Aire.

The

The bold, and careleſs *Amazon*
Fronted, and fir'd on every one.
As who ſhould ſay, ſhe meant to try
The power of her Chaſtity.
She would at Masks and Plays appear,
As neither ſlave to place, nor fear.
Preſuming ſhe could, as ſhe liſt,
Thoſe Opportunities reſiſt.
I know not what to think on't more,
She was, and ſhe was not a Whore.
For thoſe bewitching looks of hers,
Made many Hearts Adulterers:
Sometimes ſhe'd *Vizor*-Mask her Face
And Sakers in the Port-holes place.
Which maugre great *Achilles* Shield,
Like *Baſiliſks*, at diſtance kill'd.
So *Venus* with her naked Breaſt,
Could *Mars* himſelf in Armes decreſt.
I often pitty'd her, and ſaid,
Alas! 'tis too much for a Maid.
The Fly that wantons with the Flame,
Betrays its VVings unto the ſame;
And She, for all her Proweſs, may
Too ſoon be caught in her own Play;
And juſtly fall a Sacrifice,
To the Man-ſlaughter of her Eyes.

To the thrice Lovely Guiana.

Guiana's like a Cedar ſtreight,
Purely proportion'd as to height.
She wears a Crown of Maiden-haire;
No Chaplet half ſo rich, ſo rare.
Her Fore-head fair is, ſmooth and high,
A Throne befitting Majeſty.
Two Rainbowes arch her Orient Eyes,
VVhich them again with beams ſupplies.
On her fair Cheeks enamel'd are
The Armes of *York* and *Lancaſter*.
Indeed there's nothing in her Face,
But is a glory to the Place.
GUIANA is Rhetoricall,
And has a ready Wit withall;
Like *Sappho*, whom in former Ages
Plato admir'd, and all the Sages.
Her quick and quaint delivery ſuch is,
As She out-vies the Northern Dutches.
She has the Common wealth of Wit,
VVhich makes ſo great a dearth of it:
If poſſible, her Tongue wou'd grace,
Beyond the Rhetorick of her Face.

Guiana

Guiana in Her Morning Dreſs,
Trips like a ſprightly Sheppardeſs.
She dances, if She will, or no;
As if her Feet did meaſures know.
So even, ſo ſweet are Her advances;
That, if She do but walk, She dances.
Her motions, *Planet* like, are made
Traverſe, Oblique and Retrograde.
Her trips ſo ſmooth are, and ſo ſweet,
The Ground grows proud to kiſs her Feet.
Guiana, if She pleaſe to ſing,
Urania ſtrait her Lute does bring;
And hearing then ſo ſweet a noiſe,
Sets down and tunes it at her Voice.
Where e're her pleaſant accents come,
The *Syrens* of the Groves are dumb.
Her Tongue, indeed, is tun'd with bliſs,
Who won'd not ſuch a Conſort wiſh?
For Perſon, Parts, for Dance, or Voice,
All are ſo ſweet, there is no choice.

Upon Guiana's *Farewell to* Sharington.

FArewell! a pretty ſtory faith; if I
No better fare, I need not Roaſt-meat cry:
Farewell! impoſſible; Can I farewell,
When ſhe has raz'd and ſackt my Citadell.
Well, Go *Guiana*, and be happy too,
What ever *Sharington* or *Norwich* do,
Ah ſweet! ah fair! but ſince there's no relief,
April ſhall help us to ſhower out our grief.
Me thought I ſaw, juſt as ſhe bad God by,
The drooping *flowers* hang down their *heads* & dy.
Her haſt was hence ſo ſpeedy, as there was
No Roſe, or Lilly blown, but in her Face.
Only the Violet (and that grace ſhe deigns)
Packt up its Purple in her purer Veines.
Yet juſt as ſhe was going out of Town,
Peeps a gay Tulip, and preſents a Crown.
The Citizens of the Aire their Anthems ſing,
To my *Guiana* Goddeſs of the Spring:
She folds her fairer Lips, and at her call,
Comes Blackbird, Linit, Alph, Thruſh, Nightingal.
Melodious

Melodious warblers, with her Coach they move,
And make the hedges and high-ways a Grove.
Thus flowers, thus birds, thus all muſt with her go
See, ſee, what thoſe magnetick Eyes can do!
And yet (ſeverer ſtars!) my ſelf I find
Wou'd be moſt forward, am the moſt behind.
What then adds this to me? where's my relief,
This ſpeaks her tryumph, but, alaſs! my grief.
Endymion's Miſs obſerves her monthly wane,
And with full Face repairs her Orb again.
The Summer Solſtice comes as Winter goes,
Day follows Night, and ebbs ſucceed their flowes.
The Swallow, woodcock, Stork and Cucco too
Know their Returns, as well as their Adieu:
But, ah! ſhe bids farewell, and hopeleſs I
Muſt with the Swan ſing my own Dirge and die.
O how ſhe packt her ſpoils! more captive hearts
Than *Argus* e're had Eyes, or *Cupid* Darts!
Thus beauty plays the thief, fair *Rachel* ſtole
Her Fathers Gods, *Guiana* fair my Soul;
Which I cou'd be content to let her do,
Were ſhe ſo kind to take my Body too;
But ſince her ſtay is ſubject to no ſpell,
Let me be miſerable, ſo ſhe fare-well.

Vixque valedixi pleno ſingultibus ore.

To my Honoured Friend Mr. J. W. *Student in* Lincolns Inne, *Upon the Death of his dear Wife Mrs.* A. W.

COngratulate I cannot, nor complain,
My Theme is equal, as to loſs, or gain;
True, a dear Wife, yet not of her bereaven,
Where wou'd you lay up treaſure, but in Heaven?
Thus half in Heaven, and half on Earth you are;
You keep poſſeſſion here, She has it there:
Nor is ſhe dead, though Earth her earth ſtil keep,
Sinners are ſaid to dye, but Saints to ſleep.
No, ſhe now only lives and tryumphs, where
Her Workhouſe, like her Works muſt follow her.
This may within your ſorrows Circle fall,
You want a Copie of th' Original:
We can't deny it; and that this is true,
More are to mourning Legacy'd than you;
Her Soul was not, though Body, thus bereft
For wanting Iſſue, ſhe Example left,
To which ſhe may for a Memorial truſt,
When Marble, and Poſterity are duſt.

What

What if her Womb were in her wiſhes croſt?
Where there's no Labour, there's no labour loſt.
For my part, *I* think who can ſcape without,
Thoſe pains and perils, need not to cry out.
Some that her harmleſs Life knew, gather thence
She ſcap'd the curſe, and dy'd in Innocence.
And, though no Mother, yet a hopeful Bride:
She liv'd an Angel, and a Phœnix dy'd.
Sure *Overbury* prophecy'd her Life,
Or he had been to ſeek for a good Wife.

An ELEGY *upon Mr.* Robert Doughty *of* Grayes Inn, *depriv'd of his Spouſe.*

THy generous humour, and approved wit,
To after Ages ſhall thy Name tranſmit.
Whilſt thy dear Memory lives with us, and ſhall
With the World only have a Funeral.
True, he whoſe Coffin in a Church finds room,
Has both the walls, and windows for his Tomb.
But thou doſt neighbour to the vulgar lay,
To conſecrate (as 'twere) their common clay.

That when we ceaſe our ſorrows to purſue,
Heaven may ſupply thy Urn with kindlyer dew.
That on thy Grave thy *Vertue's* flowers may grow
Till Winter on thee Pearls and Diamonds ſtrow.
Thy fate, I pitty, Love and Fortunes rage,
To make *Gray's* Inn ſo long thy Hermitage.
Ah cruel fair! Ah far from thy deſert!
Thou brok'ſt thy mind to her has broke thy heart.
What time thou firſt did'ſt homage to her Eyes,
Thou wert her Servant, now her Sacrifice:
Let hearts play faſt and looſe, thou now art gone
Unto a witneſs, knows ſhe was thine own.
VVho (ah! ſometimes ſuch Planets intervene)
But for her Mother, had a Mother been.
Where then is conſcience? ſuch is juſtice dearth,
That *Matches* made in *Heaven*, ſcarce hold on *earth*.
Farewell fond faith, falſe fickle female breath,
Ther's nothing certain this ſide *Heaven* but death.
In this, thy fate thy greatneſs does proclame,
A noble inſtance of a generous flame.
Nor yet condemn we her, who knows but ſhe
May ope thy Grave, and come to Bed to thee.
Where you, whoſe ſtars deny'd it in your Life,
May mingle Aſhes, and be Man and VVife.
And cloze in an inſeparable Bliſs,
No more a prey to Parents avarice.
And who can think ſhe long behind ſhould ſtay,
VVhoſe better half ſo bravely led the way?

And

And now (bleſt ſhade) forgive our ruder verſe,
Whoſe wither'd Bayes do but profane thy Herſe.
Such thy beginning was, ſuch was thy End,
Thy death it ſelf does to the Life commend.
Such Rayes thy Morning, ſuch thy Evening gate,
The Sun ne'er brighter roſe, nor clearer ſate.
Who writes thy Elegie muſt wake thy duſt,
And beg aſſiſtance, if he wou'd be juſt.
For ours inſipid is, yet not our fault,
VVhoſe Eyes, at preſent, take up all our Salt.

Upon His MAJESTIES *Progreſs into* Norfolk, Sept. 28. 1671.

YArmouth had firſt (O more than happy Port!)
The honour to receive the King and Court;
And entertain, Seaſon providing diſhes,
The King of *England*, with the King of Fiſhes.
A Royal Meſs, what Herrings pray were they?
Not red, nor white; pickel'd, nor bloat they ſay;
No milch, but all hard rows, ſtrange kind of *meat*!
Herrings you might digeſt, but cou'd not eat.
Whoſe eys were *rubies*, and whoſe ſcales were *gold*.
Herrings that never ſtinck, though ne'er ſo old,

The Senate of the Shoal, whose golden Chain,
Argues 'um the Triumvirate of the Main.
A glittering Trine, but by the way, me thinks,
'Twas no good Supper-meat, Herrings and Links.
Yet, for all that, it was good Fish when caught,
Wou'd I'd a swill of such at Twelve a Groat.
Should *Norwich* put such Herrings in their Pies,
Their Charter wou'd be heavier than Excise.
Oysters may of their Pearls high value set,
But these are Herrings for a Royal Net.
To which add all that Art or Nature cou'd,
Nothing cou'd be too dear, nothing too good:
The treat was what, or wit, or wealth cou'd give,
The Cates being like the Guests superlative.
Whose superabundance did contribute more,
Than some can feast their *Kings* with to the poor.
Next to his *Majesty*, at the Town-hall,
His Royal Highness, Lord High-Admiral,
Vouchsaf'd his Princely Presence (save the Crown)
The highest honour eve design'd the Town.
The Duke of *Buckingham*, and *Monmouth*'s Graces,
In the next Sphear took their Illustrious Places.
With other Lords of principal account,
Whose grandieurs my poor Heraldry surmount.
When the Town sparkel'd with such Cavaliers,
Yarmouth was sure Nobly supply'd with Peers.
Had you the Gold that flew about, the e seen,
You wou'd have thought you had in *Guiny* been.

Pieces

Pieces did answer Pieces shot for shot,
As if that Gold the art of Guns had got.
Sure *Cæsar's* beams, and Sun like Equipage,
Gilded the Town, and made this Golden Age.
No *Bristoll* Milk out of the Conduits spun,
Though not the Conduits, yet the Pipes did run.
Goblets, and Gold, they shovel out their wealth,
And think their Wine too little for his health.
Souldiers and Servants with the *Court* come down,
Might, at the *Feathers, gratis,* be high flown.
They say his *Majesty* there Knighted Four,
I only wonder He did Knight no more:
For, who observes how they set all to rights,
Wou'd think they *acted* more like *Lords* than *Kts.*
To those He added, but He gave no Names,
But answer'd for a Ship, and call'd it *James.*
All pleas'd the *King,* and the *King* all did please,
Never was Day more full of Happiness!
The general joy to see his *Majesty,*
Their Acclamations witness to the Sky.
Twelve hundred shot, add yet a thousand more,
From shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to shoar,
With such salutes did one another greet, (meet.
You wou'd have fear'd that *Heaven* and *earth* wou'd
Salutes are thunder'd all abroad the Main,
Which *Neptune* answers to his Lord again.
For while the Earth did Ecchо with their joyes,
The Sea cou'd not forbear to make a noise.

The

The very Waves in tumults fret, and ſome
For madneſs, that they cou'd no nearer come.
Thus was the *King*, whilſt *Mount* to *Mount* roar out
Beſieg'd with Salutations round about.
The ſmoak roſe up in Clouds, and made a Night,
And *Lynſtocks* were the Candles gave us Light.
The priming Powders at the t'uch holes flaſh,
And every Mount a Mountain *Ætna* was:
Thus Earth and Water carol to their *King*,
And, as in Conſort, *Fopaan* ſing;
Farewell fair *Yarmouth*, and agen farewell.
VVhere noble hearts, in noble houſes dwell.
Thy *King* has judg'd thy great, thy generous Town
A Jewel worthy of a *Monarch's* Crown.
Next *Norwich* ward great *Cæſar* ſets his face,
Like *Sun*-ſhine to a long benighted place.
The mounted Magiſtrates to meet Him rid,
And their Formalities his wellcome bid.
VVhoſe Perſons, though confin'd to City ground,
Their Love and Loyalty yet knows no bound.
Firſt the Recorder did the whole preſent,
And gave the *King* a ſolemn Complement:
Not empty words, but truth in ſuch a dreſs,
A man might through it ſee her nakedneſs.
'Twas pat and pithy, not a formal ſtory,
And he's as well now, as Sir *Francis Coryc*.
Next, they ſurrender on their Loyal Knees,
The Cup, the Sword, the Maces, and the Keyes,

Enſigns

Enſigns of Power; and *Cæſar* takes 'um too,
And what does *Cæſar* take, but *Cæſar*'s due?
Whilſt He, whom our Election did prefer
To be the Major, is made the Sword-bearer.
This was *September* right, the Senats fall,
But Royal Rayes rais'd 'um again withall.
And redeliver'd into hands ſo juſt,
The Enſigns of Authority, and truſt.

Next *Aaron*, with his Sons, obſerve their courſe,
My Lord, with all the Lords Embaſſadours,
As th' Holy Prieſt-hood in Proceſſion rod,
To invite the *King* unto the Houſe of *God*.
As once a part of the *Levitick* ſtem,
Met *Alexander* from *Hieruſalem*.
Then highborn *Howard* waits, the *King*'s approaches
With's prancing horſes, and his Princely Coaches.
And withall grace attends his Soveraign home,
And does a Landlord to his Lord become.
Receives his *Majeſties* at the *Dukes* Place,
Which at that time a Royal Palace was.
A City rather, and ſo throng'd about,
As *Norwich* City ſeem'd a Suburbs to 't.
But that the *King* fill'd both; for People run
To Royal beams, as Atomes to the Sun.

Next flockt the *Gentry*, who as numerous were
As twinckles in the Star be-dappel'd Sphear.
Fame fill'd the ſtreets, there was no room to paſs,
Sure *Norwich* then a Populous City was.

The

The *King* may thank Sir *Peter Glean* that Day;
For, but for him, the *King* had no High-way.
He clear'd Him a free pass, where he might ride,
And Pal'd it in with Pikes on either side:
And Musquets in close order, all in new
Red Coats, and all alike lyn'd with true blew.
Thus representing to His *Majesty*
Their Unity and Uniformity.
Nor may I here that gorgeous Troop forget,
Hundreds of florid Citizens that met,
Their Soveraign Equipt in black and white,
An object both of wonder and delight:
With Scarlet Ribons in their Hats, to show
Their Blood was likewise at his Service too.
Argus had there met objects worth his Eyes,
But twice as many won'd not half suffice:
Windows and walls were nothing else you'd think
Yet deem'd disloyal to themselves to wink.
But had you heard the Tempest of their Lungs,
You wou'd have thought them nothing else but *tongues*
Their Vocal Vollies deafen'd every Ear,
And Drums and Trumpets no loud Musick were.
They rent the Skies, and tore the very Ground,
Muskets and Canons in the vogue were drown'd.
And *Bells*, that with such sweat & pains were *rear'd*,
Might have *rung backward* for *ought* they *were heard*.
'Twas such a clamour, so transcending measure,
That *Bells* themselves cou'd not appeal to *Cæsar*.

But

But face about, here's more yet to be seen,
Two wonders in a Day, the *King* and *Queen*.
With such a train of Beauties, might out-dare
Bold *Saladine*, and Crown a holy Warre.
Now, *Norwich*, say, to grace thy Hemisphear,
The *Sun* and *Moon* and *Stars* at once shone there.
Thus the Pair-Royal are together met,
And the *Dukes* Place more grac'd than ever yet:
Where they conducted are into a Room,
Hung all with Arras fresh come off the Loom.
Adorn'd with all magnificence, and quite
Set round with Flambeux made a Day of Night.
For Supper, there I beg to hold my peace;
Think what the Eye, the Ear, the taste wou'd please,
All that they had, nothing did want that Night,
(Except by too too much,) an Appetite.
In summe the Bill of fare, let him pronounce,
Knows what it is to treat two Courts at once.
Paston and *Hobart* did bring in the Meat,
Who the next day at their own houses treat:
Paston to *Oxney* did his Soveraign bring;
And, like *Araunah*, offer'd as a *King*.
Blecklyn two Monarcks, and two *Queens* has seen,
One *King* fetcht thence, another brought a *Queen*.
Great *Townsend* of the treats brought up the rear,
And doubly was my Lord *Lieftenant* there.
And now with *Norwich*, for whose sake I writ,
Let me conclude; *Norwich* did what was fit:

Or,

Or, what with them was possible, at least;
That City does enuff, that does its best.
There the *King* Knighted the so famous *Brown*.
Whose worth & learning to the world are known.
They offer'd to the King at the New-hall,
Banquets and Guynies, and their hearts withall.
For *Norwich*, true, others may treat more high,
But to her Power, none more heartily:
S'has long a Widow been, and 'tis but right
T'accept a Widow, for a Widow's Mite:
Norwich strain'd all, that *Norwich* cou'd extend,
Nor cou'd she more, should *Jove* himself descend.

Tandem progreditur magna comitante Caterva.

Observations upon LILLIE'S Almanack.

HArk how the angry Comet here portends
Woes to some *Weals*, whilst *others* he *befriends*:
And from his glittering Library of Stars,
Denounces what he pleases, peace or wars:
Nor must you say he speaks besides his Books,
Though he but judg their meaning by their looks;

When

When People know, no forhead can impart
All the intrigues and angles of the heart:
Then gentle Reader, take what he has said,
Sometimes direct, and sometimes Retrograde.
His knowledge can't be deep, that has expreſt,
But ſuperficial judgment at the beſt.
For I'le maintain it, he may ſee as far
Into a heather Mill-ſtone, as a Star.
Endymion that had *Luna* 'bout the midle,
Cou'd none of all her myſteries unriddle;
And *Lilly* too, that all this toil doth keep,
Had, with *Endymion*, been as well aſleep.
Shew me a Letter from the Man i'th' Moon,
I'le grant his Book writ with a beam of noon.
Crotchets, and haycromes govern our affairs,
Juſt ſo we ſee our dooms at Tavern-barrs.
He that ſo oft does the twelve houſes name,
Ne'er ſet a foot in any of the ſame.
Yet all that there is done, he does record,
As if he their Aſcendant were, and Lord.
And yet for all this noiſe, and ſix-penny Cut,
Shall his twelve Houſes in my Pocket put.
Believ't, if he no better Lodging meet,
He may for all theſe houſes lye i'th ſtreet.
And ſhake his drinkel'd locks half ſtarv'd & dead,
Although he has twelve Houſes o're his head.
For theſe are Caſtles, Houſes in the Aire,
And tho' he know their *ſigns*, he can't come there.

And

And even these signs our wonders too invite,
By day you cannot see 'um, but by night.
From whence, I think, I justly may infer,
An Owle may make a good Astrologer.
I neither *Jupiter* nor *Saturn* dread;
The first rules Pewter, and the second Lead.
'Tis not improbable, *Saturn* may rage,
'Cause the old dotard lost his golden Age:
For my part, I ne'er found it; for alas!
My age is sometimes silver, sometimes brass.
Sometimes so empty, so Poeticall,
That I protest it is nothing at all.
And, if thy Son has still the Soveraignty;
I think he has gest me as well as thee.
Let me alone with *Bacchus* and his Grapes,
I shall not envy *Jove*, nor his escapes.
But, I confess, I hardly can refrain,
From envying thee, that Star that dropt thy Chain.
An *Almanack*'s a store-house, where old wives
May furnisht be with Fables all their Lives.
His worship's weather-wise, this month he says,
That many aged People end their days:
As if there were a moment, wherein some,
Or other do not to their long homes come.
These Lord Ascendants pronounce war or peace,
Ope and shut *Janus* Temple as they please.
Hyppocrates himself might undertake,
To learn Prognosticks of an *Almanack*.

Nay,

Nay, they muſt ne'er out-ſtrip him *Cent. per Cent*,
They the Diſeaſe foretell, he but th' event.
This Proverb (*It is eaſier to believe,*
Than to diſprove) does them advantage give.
Lies borrow faith; but they get nothing by't
At the years end; for *Time* brings truth to light.

Upon the Norfolk *Largeſs.*

WE have a cuſtom, no where elſe is known,
For here we reap, where nothing e're was ſown.
Our Harveſt-men ſhall run ye, cap and leg,
And leave their work at any time to beg.
They make a Harveſt of each Paſſenger,
And therefore have they a Lord-treaſurer.
Here ye muſt pence, as well as Pray'rs beſtow;
'Tis not enough to ſay, *God ſpeed the Plow.*
Theſe ask as Men, that meant to make ye ſtand;
For they Petition with their Arms in hand.
And till ye give, or ſome good ſign appears,
They liſten to ye with their Harveſt-eares.
If nothing drops into the gaping Purſe,
Ye carry with ye, to be ſure, a Curſe.
But, if a *Largeſs* come, they ſhout ye deaf,
Had you as many Ears as a Wheat-ſheaf.

Sometimes the hollow greater is by odds,
As when 'tis answer'd from the Ivye tods.
Here all unite; and each his accent bears,
That were but now together by the eares.
And, which a Contradiction doth imply,
Because they get a *Large*; they must cry;
Cry with a Pox? whoever of it hears,
May wish their tankard had no other tears:
Thus in a word our Reapers now a days,
Reap in the Field, and glean in the High-ways.

To my dear Friend Mr. Sam: Stainer *new come from* Messina.

[1]

As to the thirsty, a full Cup,
Or to a School-boy, breaking up,
Or to the poor, who wou'd relieve,
Or to a Man condemn'd, Reprieve.
Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,
But none so welcome yet as he.

As

[2]

As *June* to a tyr'd Traveller,
Or Port to a long toſt Mariner;
Or to the *Dutch* their *Indie*-Fleet,
Or us, that we in *Thames* cou'd ſee't:
Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,
As much a joy as theſe cou'd be.

[3]

As to Inſurers Ship arriv'd,
Or Coward that wars ſhock ſurviv'd,
Or Feaſt to Gluttons appetite,
Or to a Bride her Wedding night:
Such is my Friend *Stainer* to me,
Nothing ſo welcome though, as he.

[4]

As Honour to a haughty mind,
Or Lady to a leacher kind;
Or Mony to a Miſers clutch,
Or a brave Victory o're the *Dutch*:
Such is my Friend of whom I've ſpoken,
Meſſina ſent me for a Token.

The Cooks Cataſtrophe.

Occaſion'd by a Souldier killing a Cook's Boy *carrying a cover'd Meſs through the ſtreet.*

UNhappy Boy, thus to be ſent upon
Death's Errand, with accurs'd *Bellerophon*!
Where God found Meat (here the old Proverb (took)
The Devil and the Souldier found the Cook.
Firſt Meſs was ſerving; but ah cruel force!
The Cook himſelf became the ſecond courſe.
For as the Corps he carry'd to the Womb,
The Bearer by the way, met his own tomb.
But with this difference, as he loſt his breath,
The ſtone, ſhou'd be above, was underneath.
And yet he cou'd not without marble part,
Had there been none elſe, but the Souldiers heart.
The Boy might prate, alaſs! in ſuch a caſe,
Is not a Cook allow'd a little ſauce?
A milk white Napkin o're the Meſs was laid,
No Ladies Apron ſuch temptations had!

Hunger,

Hunger, that breaks Stone-walls, at ſuch a ſight
Had pointed teeth, and made a Coward fight.
The Aire was raiſor-keen, and might afford
A ſtomach, that was ſharper than his Sword.
For *Mars* his Sons, and *Neptune*'s too they ſay,
Do watch, and faſt, far oftner than they pray:
But the Boy mov'd with't, faſt as he was able,
For there his Maſter kept no ſtanding table.
With whom the hungry ſouldier pace wou'd keep,
'Twou'd vex a Dog to ſee a Pudding creep:
The cloth was ſpred, but on it nothing lay,
The Red-coat therefore needs wou'd take away.
They both tug'd for't, neither cou'd other brook
The haſty Souldier, nor the teaſty Cook.
At laſt it happen'd the unlucky cloth
Did prove, well-nigh, a winding-ſheet to both.
The poor Cooks Boy, that little dreamt of it,
E're he could take a turn, dropt from the Spit.
And yet he had a turn, ah, a ſhrew'd turn!
Has turn'd him now, alaſs! into his Urn.
And though for this, the Souldier ſuffer'd not,
Know it, his hands are redder than his Coat.

Upon Shortwhite, *the Noble* Hampstead *Cock.*

TO you that love the knight of fowls, I write,
The Tragi-comedy of brave *Shortwhite.*
First in a Well, but by good fortune found,
This winged Heroe, *Icarus* was drown'd:
But drawn up and cast into a warm Blanket,
Next morning he reviv'd, did crow and crank it.
Next was he (O that Murtherer of Cocks!)
Surpriz'd in his Seraglio by a Fox:
And when a Captive past all hope he seem'd,
Was by a Dog that charg'd the Foe redeem'd;
Unhurt, he marcht off, suffering nothing there
Except he cou'd, what *Shortwhite* cou'd not, fear.
Another time he was by Dogs way-laid,
And unto Men, more Curs than they, betray'd,
Who had him to the Mewes, what meant their (Cunning?
A Cock is for a walk, and not for Running.
But there so loud he utter'd his Disaster, (ster.
That *Hampstead* Rung with't, and inform'd his Ma-

Who

Who ſoon deliver'd *Shortwhite* from the Lock,
And kickt thoſe *Coxcombs*, that had ſtoln his *Cock*.
Six armed Knights he has in Battel kill'd,
And never drop of his own blood yet ſpill'd,
And yet his Milk-white Wings enamel'd be,
With drops, his heels drew from his Enemy.
Thus over all his foul, and fairer foes,
He claps his Pineons, and in triumph crowes.
And tells his Maſter, Let his match be found,
He'l looſe his Life, or win him Twenty Pound.

To a Non-ſenſical Barbar wou'd ſeem Poetical.

BArbar, go ſcrape, it troubles me that I,
Can't write ſo low, as thy Capacity.
Shrubs are beneath the Wind, had I an Oke,
Or ſome tall Cedar, did my Rage provoke?
His top ſhould kiſs his toe; I hatch a Satyr,
Shou'd bow the Zenith down to the Æquator.
But who wou'd at a Hedg bird ſpend his ſhot,
Or fire a Canon at a Cockle-boat?
Varlet in Verſe, thou ſcribleſt, but I ſee,
Nor R'yme, nor Reaſon, Senſe, nor Quantity.

No, nor true *English*; it were ſtrange, if you,
That cannot ſpeak true *Engliſh*, ſhou'd write true.
Pure Parallels, pure diſingenious Nidgit,
This an Elboick is, and that a Digit:
Juſt ſo he cuts Mens hair, here 'tis too ſhort,
And there as much too long, as amends for't.
Go Fuſtian Shaver, Go to; You muſt get
Your living by your Hands, and not your Feet.

Upon one Day *that ran away, and laid the Key under the Door.*

HEre *Night* and *Day* conſpire a cheating flight,
For *Day*, they ſay, is run away by *Night*.
The Day is paſt, why Landlord! where's your rent:
Cou'd you not ſee the Day is almoſt ſpent.
Had you but kept the Watch well, I ſuppoſe,
'Twas no hard thing to know how the *Day* goes?
Day ſold, and pawn'd, and put off what he might,
Though it were ne'er ſo dark. *Day* wou'd be light:
That he away with ſo much Rent ſhould get,
Though *Day* were light, 'twas no light matter yet.
You had one *Day* a Tenant, and wou'd fain
Your Eyes might one day ſee that *Day* again.

No

No, Landlord, no; you now may truly ſay,
And to your Coſt too, you have loſt a *Day*.
By twy-light, *Day* is neither Day nor Night:
What then? 'twixt both, he's an *Hermaphrodite*.
Day is departed in a Miſt, I fear,
For *Day* is broke, yet does not Day appear:
His pale-face now does Day in Owl-light ſhrowd,
Truth is, at preſent *Day*'s under a Cloud.
If you wou'd meet with *Day* you muſt be wiſer,
And up betimes, for *Day*'s an early riſer.
Broad Day is early up, but you begin
To rouze, and then broad Day is ſhutting in.
From Sun to Sun, are the ſet-times of Pay,
But you ſhould have been up by break of Day:
Yet, if you had? you had got nothing by't,
For *Day* was Cunning, and broke over Night.
Day, like a Candle, is gone out, and where,
None knows, except to th'other Hemiſphear.
You muſt go look the *Day* with Candle light,
This *Day* was ſure begotten in the Night.
The Lanthorn-looker, if he now began;
Might find the *Day*, but ſcarce the honeſt man.
Well, *Day* farewel, be't ſpoke to thy ſmall praiſe,
There's little honeſty found now a Day's.
In vain you do your ſelf this trouble give,
You'l never make an even day while you live;
And yet who truſted him for any Summe,
Might have their mony, if the *Day* were come.

You

And, when will that be? when the Devil's blind;
You will this *Day* at the *Greek* Calends find.
For, if the Sun does hang *behind* the Change;
If you can find the *Day before*, 'tis strange.
Then to the Tavern, Landlord, let's away,
Chear up your heart, hang't, 'tis a broken *Day*;
And for your Rent, never thus Rent your Soul,
E're long you'l see *Day* at a little hole:
Look at the *Counter*, when you go that way;
Early enough, and you'l see peep of *Day*.
But, how now Landlord? what's the matter pray?
What, can't you sleep, you do so long for *Day*?
Have you a mind, Sir, to arrest the *Day*?
There's no such Serjeant as a *Joshua*.
Why, Landlord, Is the Quarter out I pray:
That you keep such a quarter for the *Day*?
Put off your passion, pray; true, 'tis a Summe:
But don't you know that a Pay-day will come?
I'le warrant you, do you but banish sorrow,
My life for yours *Day* comes again to morrow.

Phosphere redde Diem.

To T. B. *Esq*; *wanting a Son, and Heir*; *and upon his two fair Daughters.*

YOu have the Morning and the Evening Star,
To whom, except each other, none compare.
And what in all Men adoration moves,
Fairer than Virgin-Snow, or *Venus* Doves,
Whom Nature in her Silver-mantle wraps,
A pair of Pendants for a pair of Paps.
So sweet, so pure, as if they did commence,
Whiteness it self, even by reflection thence.
Had *Paris* been so blest to see their Eyes,
The Queen of Beauty must have miss her Prize.
But, Sir, you want, and wish I know, a Son
An Heir, of *Elsing*-Hall entail'd on One.
I wish it too, so that prodigious Tree,
The wonder of the World should Bondfires be.
I hope it shall, that those auspicious fires,
May put a Period to your just desires.
And more than that, cou'd I once see that Boy,
I'd burn my Cap, a sacrifice to Joy.

Spain,

Spain, I have heard, whose judgment's not the *worst*
Have bleſt the Womb op'd by a Female firſt.
And by experience, ſay it does fore-run
The joyful Omen of a proſperous Son.
Do you the like; great joys come by degrees,
And take your Daughters from Heaven's hoſtages.
They led the way, and for a Son left room:
There's no deſpairing of a pregnant Womb.
At leaſt your Daughters, this, may promiſe you,
Inſtead of one Son, they'l preſent you two.
And you, for ought I know, without Male-Heir.
May be as happy in a Sex more fair.

An ELEGY *on the Reverend* John Crofts, D. D. *and Deane of* Norwich.

HEre let his Reverend Duſt in ſilence ſleep,
I cou'd add tears, were't not a ſin to weep.
Which Heathens wo'nt, what elſe in grief ſhould (we,
But doubt, or Envy his Felicity.
Death, as in duty, came and ſnuff'd the light,
As who ſhou'd ſay to make it ſhine more bright.

As

As to the ſhutting in of Nature's day,
His Evening Red was, but his Morning Grey.
The Elements diſputed Deaths controul,
Nature was loath to part with ſuch a Soul.

As to his quality he doubly owes;
But which, to Birth, or Breeding more, who knows?
The firſt has him among the great ones reckon'd,
And in the ſecond he to none was ſecond.
But ſome have troubled at his paſſion been,
Why ſhou'd they ſo? a Fly will have her ſpleen.
He cou'd be angry; and who lives but can?
For cou'd he not, he ſhou'd be leſs than Man.
True, he was haſty at ſome croſs event,
But was again as haſty to repent.
And be his choler at the worſt believ'd,
Whom his right hand depreſt, his left reliev'd.
His ſtrictneſs at the Churches Gates did well,
No Gates ſtand always ope, but thoſe of Hell.
And ſince the Lord his Vineyard did reſtore,
'Twas Zeal, not choler to keep out the Bore.

Should I forbear a Trophy here to raiſe him,
(With Reverence to the Text) his works wou'd praiſe Him.
Impartial Eyes ſurvey what he has done,
And you'l not ſay Church-work went ſlowly on.
Whoſe Elegy each grateful Stone preſents,
From th'humble Baſe, to th' higheſt Battlements.

Others

Others themselves wrap up in lasting Lead,
But he wrapt up the Church in his own stead.
Whose Pinacle he rear'd so high, it even
Climes up the Clouds to reach his alms to heaven.
Upon whose Top, St. *Peter* may behold
His Monitor in Characters of Gold.
Not but in this, others pretend a share;
But the Dead challenge what the living spare:
Now then for Epitaph, this let him take,
Here lies the Temples great *Jehozadack*.
Who for the Sums he, to repair it, spent;
Has the whole Church to be his Monument.

An ELEGY *upon a Reverend Divine Buryed in the Ruines of his Church.*

SO falls a Star, when it deludes our sight,
For look but up, you'l see it still shine bright.
What fell was Earth, which, all its substance spent,
Subsided to its proper Element.
Such was our friend, of whom we are bereaven,
A composition made of Earth and Heaven.

Heaven

Heaven challeng'd his immortal Soul, and then
The Elements took what they gave, agen.
He's now at's Father's house, his even home,
Whither at last his Body too shall come;
Where he the Company of Angels keeps,
Whilst weary Nature in her Causes sleeps:
Not that his part diviner does forsake it,
But lets it rest, till the last Trump awake it.
Then he will come in the Angelick shore,
And put it on, that put it off before:
Not as he left it, a poor lump of Clay,
No; but as bright and glorious as the Day;
Refin'd from all that drossie is, and foul;
And now Immortal, as his heaven-born soul.
Then what embracings, what a heavenly greeting,
Nay, it is Heaven it self to see the Meeting.
Then shall they meet, never to part at all,
And rise again, never again to fall.
All this consider'd rightly, I may well
And truly say, he rather rose than fell.
Howe'er, according to the Apostles word,
He now is blest, because dead in the Lord.
He from his labours rests, and his Works do
Both follow him, and stay behind him too.
Who being dead, yet speaketh; In the Night
Of Ignorance, he left a Paper light.
Which we still keep, though of himself bereaven,
And are his Heirs, to make us Heirs of Heaven.

Thus

Thus as his Heaven-born Soul her Earth declines:
He plays the Glo-worm, and in darkneſs ſhines.
Thus like a Taper burning, Heavenly bright,
He ſpent himſelf in giving others light.
God's fight he fought, o'recame the fatal Three,
Which Chriſtians call the common Enemy.
He kept the Faith his ever truſty Shield,
And more than Conqueror marcht off the Field.
'Tis not in Rhetorick, an applauſe to lend him,
Say but what's true, and you then moſt commend (him.

His Church and he, as if agreed by either,
Fell in a manner, I may ſay, together.
Where long he preacht, until put out by Men,
But Death was kind, and put him in agen.
There his Remains are treaſur'd up, content
To take her Ruines for his Monument.

Upon

Upon the Reverend Herbert Aſhley, *L L. B. Elected Dean of* Norwich, *from many Rivals.*

THe Racers mounted with Day-breaking *Phoſ-*
(*phor.*
Hard did they ride, though not ride on and
(proſper.
Some to the place, ſuſpicious of their Right,
As if they meant to ſteal it? went by Night:
Thus whipt and ſpur'd the Rivals at thoſe rates,
Their very Horſes lookt like Candidates;
Whilſt Reverend *Aſhley* with a ſober pace,
Went gravely on, and came off with a Grace.
Nobly preſented to his Prince's view,
By the moſt Reverend, and right Reverend too.
I might Right Honorable add too, where
Northampton carry'd it from *Darby* clear:
And happy was it; for *Chriſt-Church*, if I may ſay't,
Has been too truly Militant of late.
But now thoſe animoſities ſhall ceaſe,
And *Janus* Temple give a ſign of Peace.
Joy to themſelves, and us, to ſee 'um ſo,
In Order to the God of Order go.

Heaven and his *Majesty*, has in this choice
Made your glad Walls of *Syon* to rejoyce.
Wellfare their holy Father-hoods, for you
Want but one ſtep to be a Father too.
Your name even propheſies of its own accord,
Herbert, or *Aſhley*, which you pleaſe, 'tis Lord.

Upon the Famous Sun *Tavern behind the* Exchange.

BEhind! I'le ne'er believ't; you may as ſoon
Perſwade me that the *Sun* ſtands behind noon;
We ſhou'd be then more than *Cymmerian* blind,
If the World's Eye, the *Sun* ſhould ſtand behind:
Nay, rather than Heaven's Lamp ſhould ſo eſtrange
His proper ſight, the *Change* it ſelf muſt change.
Greſham muſt face about, under the Roſe;
The *Kings* themſelves muſt go as the *Sun* goes.
Yet notwithſtanding what is here expreſt,
I am a *Browniſt* as to Eaſt or Weſt.
What time the Peers did the *Sun*'s riſing ſtay,
He found it firſt lookt the contrary way:
Cornhill may in her ſouth-ſide ſtill take pride;
But, where the *Sun* is, there's the warmer ſide.

Yet

Yet ſome *Aſtrologers*, they ſay, maintain
Three Suns late ſet, will never riſe again.
Three Meteors rather, if they were three Suns?
Suns guided ſure by giddy Phaetons.
But Noble *Wadlow*, this a Palace is,
A Superſtructure on a Baſe of Bliſs.
When thy tranſcendant Arch I'm paſſing through,
Me thinks in Tryumph I to Tavern go:
To Tavern ſaid? I recall it, No;
Me thinks I rather to a Temple go.
Where the great Room (and who would judg it
A Church is, and the reſt Chappels of eaſe. (leſs?)
At leaſt a Preſence, fit to entertain,
(As once thy Predeceſſor) Kings again.
So pompous, ſo pyramidal, as if
It wou'd on tiptoes checkmate Tenariff.
Such are the All-magnificent contrives,
Wolſie can ne'er be dead whilſt *Wadlow* lives.
The Turky-work about the Dyning-Room,
Wou'd make a *Sultan* think himſelf at home.
The Chimny-Piece does Modern Art ſurpaſs,
No hand can do the like, but *Phidias*.
Pictures ſo queint, ſo to the Life excell,
You wou'd not think 'um hang'd, they look ſo well.
Cathedral Windows carry there the Bay,
Where many quarrels are, but not a fray.
I need no ſtory of the Hangings tell,
Arras it ſelf's ſufficient Chronicle.

Here every Chamber has an Aquæduct;
As if the *Sun* had Fire for Water truckt.
Water as 'twere exhal'd up to Heavens shrouds,
To cool the Cups and Glasses in the Clouds;
Which having done, from the Cœlestial Towers,
Like *Jove* himself you send it down in showers.
For Gold and Silver, Brass and Pewter, Iron,
A Mine of each seems the whole house t'environ;
Latin and Lead, and what not? All agree,
Here the Seven Planets keep their Heptarchie.

But to the Cellar now, that happy Port,
Where *Bacchus* in the Arches keeps his Court.
No more of the *Exchange*, Let People talk;
Here's the High-*German*, *French*, and *Spanish* walk:
In this low Country, is high Country Wine,
Here's your old mellow Malaga, Muscadine,
Canary, Florence, and Medera's here:
Or in a word, here is Wine with one Eare.
What shall I say? in vain I further write,
Here's all that's Rare, that's Racy, Rich & Right:
Such choice of choices, none amiss can call,
'Twou'd almost fudle me to name 'um all.
But that's a task no Poet can fulfill,
Except he write with a Canary quill.
Thus, thus the *Sun*, as with invisible Ropes,
Draws all the *Change*, and makes 'um *Heliotropes*:

You'd

You'd think, to see the Crouds that thither run,
A Man in *Pauls* were but a Moat i'th' *Sun*.

Regia Solis *ibi sublimibus alta columnis,*
Clara micante auro est ——

Upon a Silver Box *presented to His Mistriss, with this* Paper *in It.*

A Box, and nothing else, were to address
My Self unto You but in emptiness:
I therefore thought convenient to impart,
This Paper as the Picture of my heart;
Think it *Pandora*'s Box; for I wou'd here,
All that is pure or precious should appear.
Here are no Rings or Rubies in it, but
What's fairer, there a faithful heart is put.
A love shall last, and all esteem surmount,
When Pearls like Pebles turn to no account.
Nor brings it Civet; what alas, is that?
The Excrement of an outlandish Cat.
'Tis no Tobacco Box, whose *Indian* smoke,
Should your pure Nostrils, like a Chimny choke.

No; To send such a Box to thee (my dear)
Another Box might well become my Ear.
But here's a choice perfume, shall hence arise,
Grateful as Incence lighted by your Eyes.
'Tis no Tin Box, nor off-spring of the Kettle;
But Silver, ever better Pocket mettle.
'Tis good, yet not so great as your desert:
However ope it, and you ope my heart.
Accept it then a Present from a Lover,
Be You the Bottom, and I'le be the Cover.

Upon the Vertuous Brown (*I know who*) *at the* Popinjay.

LIllies and Roses, let who will go suite ye,
I'm for the lovely *Brown*, the lasting beauty.
Her Cheeks are Roses, need no thorny fence,
And there's no Lilly like her Innocence.
Their blossoms are but slaves to every blast;
But she's the same, when *Spring* and *Autumn*'s past.
Her *May*'s Eternal; She, when envious Time
Shall be no more, Is then but in her Prime,
She shall bid all these fading Formes adieu,
And Heaven and Earth shall for her sake be new.

You

You see the out-side of the Cabinet,
But 'tis within her crowned graces set.
Were you into an Angel but refin'd,
You then might read the Mirrour of her mind;
Not but the luster of her lovelyer face,
Need not, nay ought not to the best give place.
Her thoughts are chaster than the Virgin snow:
Diana for a Temple there might go.
Arabian Odours have her bosome blest,
The Phœnix there might come and find her Nest.
Such, so all pure is her Complexion known,
Sweeter than Cinnamon, softer than Down.
Nature in silence tells us to this brown,
Not the World's eye has tan'd her, but her own:
Her sweet symmetrick looks that so controul,
Are but the Mask, and shadow of her Soul.
Where all perfections to that height aspire,
Women may envy, but Men must admire.

Upon a Token drunk at the Star, ſent Me by Honeſt Tho. Ridland, *at the* Popinjay *in* Norwich.

[1]

A Token (*Tom*!) believ't 'twas kindly done;
It made us forth-with to *Star* Tavern run,
To taſt the Claret, from the Hogſhead ſpun.

[2]

We waſht it down, and bravely, ask *Frank Barton*,
With t'other, t'other, t'other, t'other quart on,
We only wanted thee (*Tom*) and *Jack Wharton*.

[3]

It was indeed a ſeaſonable boon,
Soon we concluded on't, and went as ſoon,
And drank by *Star*-light all the Afternoon.

Thou

[4]

Thou haſt thy mind in Silver to me broken,
For ſuch, who always have me fairly ſpoken,
And nothing ſent, I value not a Token.

[5]

My Book I now do to the Preſs deſign,
And take ſo well this kindneſs (*Tom*) of thine,
As I'm in thy books, thou ſhalt be in mine.

[6]

I this, amongſt the ſpecial favours rank;
And, both the Bearer, and beſtower thank,
For thou art Free (*Tom*) and the Bearer Frank.

Upon a SPARROW *catcht at a* Pipe *of* Canary.

THis is a wonder, *Drawer*, ſcore it up;
A *Sparrow* taking of a chirping Cup?

'Tis

'Tis like the Bird, his fancy ſomewhat ripe,
To the Canary flew to tune the Pipe.
Why? if the Pipe was out of tune? then pray,
Why ſhould the Sparrow to his Ruine play?
The curious Bird plaid on the Pipe, perchance
To ſee the Rats unto the Sack-Butt dance.
The Drawers eye, th'unlucky Bird beſet,
Who ſtead of drawing Wine, did draw his Net.
Sure ſays the Drawer, when h'as drunk his fill,
He means to pay me, for he has a Bill.
Why ſhould thy eye, and ſpirit be ſo narrow?
Poor Bird, alas! he drinks but like a Sparrow.
May be, and do you on its ruines look;
The Sparrow this for a Hedg-Tavern took:
If any miſchief then, you to him do;
You'l prove your ſelf worſe hedg-bird of the two.
He ſips, he ſips, the Drawer ſays, and reels,
But certainly he'l never take his heels:
No, nor he need not, had he drunk till night,
Like *Icarus*, he was prepar'd for flight.
But when the Drawer ſaw he drank all weathers,
Not truſting to his heels, but to his feathers;
In rage ſays he, and then himſelf beſtird,
This Sparrow ſure, is a Canary bird:
He caught him faſt, and brought him to the Barr,
Who had recovered, had he come i'th' Ayr.
He was a Cup too low; for be it known,
H'ad ne'er been over-taken, if high-flown.

The

The Willow Garland.

HOw many Coronets of Daffodillies?
Of purer Roſes, and of *Paphian* Lillies,
Wove thy falſe hope, for her thou thought'ſt thine own,
When *Fate* was wreathing *Willows* for thy Crown?
Unhappy faith, to truſt ſo falſe a Love,
Cou'd faſt and looſe thee in thy Myrtle Grove!
Thoſe blisful ſhades, where every ſacred bough
Offer'd it ſelf to kiſs, and Crown thy brow!
Thy Tongue, alas! is loſt in the ſurprize,
And nothing now is fluent, but thine Eyes.
From whoſe all-watery banks, theſe *Willows* ſpread
And plat a woful VVillow for thy Head.
On every Leaf crowns thy neglected hair,
Hang all thy fears, cares, doubts, ſighs and diſpair;
VVhilſt o're thy Crown, as other crowns, the loſs
Of all thy Preſents is a real Croſs.
Unfortunate! that all Herbs Powers cou'd not (not!
Cure thy deep wounds, and unkind *Hymen* wou'd
But, ſince their vertues fail, ſeek it in death,
And change thy Willow for a Cypreſs wreath.

For-

Forſaken? 'tis a ſound to be abhord;
Some blaſted Air form'd that unlucky word.
(Her;
Suppoſe, ſince for her Sex thou can'ſt not fight
Thy choler, ſulphur, and thy fury Nitre.
To this thy Willow add, and thou haſt Powder:
And condſt thou fancy rage, or vengeance lowder.
Thy heavy heart, next into Bullets caſt;
Sure thou for her wilt be prepar'd at laſt.
Then from her flinty boſome ſtrike a ſpark,
And fire it at her heart, ſhe's a fair mark.
But now I think upon't, thou mayſt deſiſt,
It is a *White* thy deſtiny has miſt:
Content then with thy Chaplet, ſet thee down:
Who can deſpair, when ſorrow has a Crown?

Upon a Miller's Son,
Sometimes a Peticannon, *but turn'd out for diſaffectedneſs to* Epiſcopacy.

LOng have I labour'd betwixt wrath and ſcorn
And not in pity, but contempt forborn.

I

I ſhould e're this, have ſmit him hip and thigh,
But that my honour and diſdain cry'd fie.
Yet leſt my temper he as ſoft ſhould blame,
And ſay I wou'd, but cou'd not right my fame.
I'le carbonade him with my Catſtooth Pen,
And kick his collops into form agen;
I'le give the Brute a mark to know him by,
More legible than *Cleveland's* Hue and Cry.
Imprimis, He's a Revelation Beaſt,
A Linſie-woolſie, Browniſh, Pyebald Prieſt.
He's round and royal; what you pleaſe, *a man*,
That's both a *Jew*, and a *Samaritan*.
He is a kind of a Nine-Acred fop,
A *May*-Pole with a Weather-Cock a top.
His ſtature might a Ship for a Maſt fit,
And yet this Gyant is a dwarf in wit.
Of one that ſprung from ſuch a wellwrought *Mill*,
Never was upper Room furniſht ſo ill.
He loves his Body better than his Soul,
Nor wou'd he come at Church, but to take Toll.
He's a dilemma betwixt heart and tongue,
As his Religion in the Hopper hung.
He comes as one had of the loaves a ſenſe,
And ſerves St. *Peter* for St. *Peter's* Pence.
When pay-day comes the *Surplice* has no harm in't,
When pay-day's paſt, a *Babiloniſh* Garment.
Truly, whines he, the Anthems would be ſweeter,
Were they but tagg'd with Mr. *Sternhold's* Meeter;

Yet

Yet as for Company, he bears a part;
But he has only *Hopkins* in his heart.
And when an Anthem in the Quire they name,
He warbles to another of the same:
A second part, which he can sweetly do,
And play 'o't on the living Organ too.
Observe the Buzzard at the Eagles tayl,
He turls his *Surplice* like a Wind mill Sail:
And wryths himself into as many shapes,
As *Proteus*, or a Collony of Apes.
As if that decency and order were,
Fitter for *Peter's Lunsford* far, than here.
Where he does loll, and wear more *Cushions* forth,
Than all the Sermons e're he preacht were worth.
Brundel, and *Brason*, and a *Christ*-Church Cannon,
Are Cures too trivial to imploy this Man on.
But he has *Strumpshall*, *Austins*, *Peters* too,
More than this *Tobit*, and his Dog can do.
To travel to 'um. Yet you'l often see,
This Man invey against Pluralitie.
These his six Livings are, but he does say,
Had he but seven, H'ad one for the Lord's Day:
And yet he has, (as he does things contrive)
So many Livings that he cannot live.
So he himself, so he his Cures has serv'd:
He's like his Congregation, almost starv'd.
But now he quacks, a Doctor of great skill,
To Cure their bodies, though their souls he kill;

Thus

Thus kill or Cure, he thrives; if the Corps fall,
He then gets Mony for the burial.
But this indeed does seem a natural smack,
The Miller that begat him was a Quack.
He does himself 'twixt this and t'other side,
Like *Beckles* Steeple, from the Church divide.
What is he? He is neither wise, nor fool,
A Tertium Neutrum: Or an upstart Mule.
He is, and gues's by what is said before,
A Cannon of a Presbyterian boar.
A Cannon said I? he alas! is none,
He is a Blunderbuss, an Elder-Gun.
He's ever loving, and he's ever loathing,
He is so many things indeed, he's Nothing.

Defiance to the Dutch.

ROb'd of our Rights? and by such *Water-rats*?
We'l doff their *Heads*, if they wo'nt doff (their *Hats*;
Affront too *Hogen-Mogen* to Endure!
'Tis time to box these *Butter-Boxes* sure.
If they the Flags undoubted Right deny Us?
Who wo'nt strike to us, must be stricken by Us.

A Crew of *Boars*, and *Sooterkins*, that know,
Themſelves, they to our Blood and Valour owe.
Did we for this, knock off their *Spaniſh* ſetters,
To make 'um able to abuſe their betters?
If at this Rate they Rave; I think 'tis good,
Not to omit the *Spring*, but let 'um blood.
Rouz then Heroick *Brittains*, 'tis not words,
But wounds muſt work with *Leather Apron Lords*.
Since they are deaf, to them your meaning break,
With mouths of braſs, that words of Iron ſpeak.
I hope we ſhall to purpoſe the next bout
Cure 'um, as we did *Opdam* of the Gout.
And when i'th bottom of the Sea they come,
They'l have enough of *Mare Liberum*.
Our brandiſht ſteel, though now they ſeem ſo tall,
Shall make 'um lower than Low-Country, fall.
But they'l e're long come to themſelves you'l ſee,
When we in Earneſt are at *Snick a Snee*.
When once the *Boars* perceive our *Swords* are *drawn*
And we converting are thoſe *Boars* to brawn.
Me thinks the Ruine of their *Belgick* banners
Laſt Fight, almoſt as ragged as their manners,
Might have perſwaded 'um to better things,
Than be ſo ſawcy to their betters, *Kings*.
Is it of *Wealth* they are ſo proud become?
Charles has a Wain I hope to fetch it home:
And with it pay himſelf his juſt Arrears,
Of Fiſhing Tribute for this Hundred Years.

That

That we may ſay, as all the ſtore comes in,
The *Dutch*, alas, have but our Factors bin.
They fathom Sea and Land, we when we pleaſe
Have both the *Indies* brought to our own Seas.
For Rich, and proud, they bring in Ships by ſhoals,
And then we humble them to ſave their Souls.
Pox of their Pictures, if we had 'um here,
We'd find 'um frames at *Tyburn*, or elſe where.
The next they draw, be it their Admirals
Tranſpeciated into Fynnes, and Scales;
Or, which wou'd do as well, draw if they pleaſe
Opdam, with the Seven ſinking Provinces:
Or draw their Captains from the conquering *Main*
Firſt beaten home, then beaten back again.
And after this ſo juſt, though fatal ſtriſe,
Draw their dead *Boars* again unto the Life:
Laſtly, remember to prevent all laughter,
Drawing goes firſt, but hanging follows after.
If then Lampooning thus be their undoing,
Who pities them, that purchaſe their own ruine?
Or will hereafter truſt their Treacheries,
Until they leave their Heads for Hoſtages.
For, as the Proverb has of VVomen ſaid —
Believe 'um not, nay though you'd ſwear th'are dead.
The *Dutch* are ſtubborn, and will yield no fruit,
Till, like the *Wallnut* Tree, ye beat 'um to't.

L. Orat. Injurias & non redditas, cauſam hujuſce eſſe belli audiſſe videor.

Upon a Friend Lamenting the Loss of Learning.

ARe there such Arts, as Scholars liberal call?
To me, alas! they are not Liberall;
Well then, by this I see that every Man
Is not cut out for a *Corinthian*.
But could there be, or did my Friends divine,
No *Mercerie* carv'd out of this block of mine?
Did they so bitter Root, my Youth deter,
Bitter? ah me! my loss is bitterer,
For wanting Learning, O how pleasant fruit?
Whilst others freely talk, I must sit mute.
I'm no a Man ordain'd for *Dover* Court,
For I'm a hearer still, where I resort.
And give attention to the words I hear,
As if even then I at some Sermon were.
I am a shadow, or a Bell without
A Clapper, for my noise comes never out.
Let others by my looks my meaning spell;
I must say nothing, if I would say well.
The Proverb says, Art has no Enemy,
But Ignorance, that Proverb's crost in me,

I envy no Man his acquired Parts,
But am an honourer of the generous Arts.
Howe'er my brains be coffin'd up in bark,
For though my eyes be clear, my head is dark.
Nay, even an Eccho in the witty throng,
Can answer better, though she have no Tongue.
Thus, while I'm mute, to purchase wisdom by't,
My very face does play the Hypocrite.

To a Coy Lady that wou'd not come to a Treat.

ANd wou'd not that imperious *Clora* come?
Troth I'm glad on't, let her keep at home.
And banquet on the barren walls, proud creature
Whilst I for this small charge escape a greater.
My wishes are no more to see her face,
Ere such a *Juno*, I'le a Cloud embrace:
Her fancy, faith, will ne'er with mine agree,
If she presume I should her shadow be.
I'm of too clear a spirit, never stir,
Run to the Devil, I'le ne'er follow her.
Let her create a Mantle of the dark,
Daphne be dam'd and smother'd in her bark.

Has she so much, or else so little grace,
She dare not look an honest Man i'th' face?
If shame with held her? be that shame proclaim'd
A shame of which, even shame might be asham'd.

Upon the great FIRE *at St. Catharines, on Whitsunday, 1672.*

WHat our *Whitsunday* was, St. *Catharin* may
Too sadly say, was her *Ashwednesday*.
Or, which indeed may be too truly fe'd,
What our *Whitsunday* was, ah! 'twas her Red.
Imperious Element! 'cause thy hand was in,
Couldst not conclude there where thou didst *begin*.
One house (fierce Fire) had been too large a share
Must those that struck thee not have *neighbors* fare?
Could nothing intercept thy running on,
Must every house have an Ucaligon?
Couldst thou devour poor Widows houses too,
And not have so much as pretence to shew?
VVouldst thou with *Phaeton* once more aspire
To heaven, and set the world again on Fire?
Or didst design the *Hamlets* to undo,
To make the Suburbs, like the City, new?

O that since Floods of tears could not suffice,
Niles Catarracts had pist out both thine eyes!
Or he that *Tagus* up a Mountain drew, (too.
Had drawn the *Thames* up here, and drown'd thee
That hadst no pity left, but to destroy
So many houses at a Tide of Joy.
Ah cruel Tyrant, Fire! who can express
The aking hearts of the poor harbourless!
In a condition worse than Snails now grown,
For they have houses, these alas! have none.
Whose glittering Canopy o're their sad heads
Are sky, and stars, and the cold earth their beds.
Such as but yesterday could Thousands boast,
Have in a moment, all their substance lost.
And now expos'd to wind and weather lye,
Examples of this VVorlds inconstancy:
Whilst they poor wretches are constrain'd to *come*
Abroad these holy days, for want of home.
Proud spark! did ever Deity do so?
To burn thy Altars, and thy Temples too?
Henceforth I'le warm with wine, and exercise,
Let Salamanders to the Sacrifice.
Colds not, at least the Colliars Ships reprieve,
But for *Newcastle* (fire) thou couldst not live.
VVas ever Tyrant yet so senseless seen,
Like thee, to blow up his own Megazin?
Famish for want of Fewel, and expire
In thine own Rubish, as neglected Fire.

Yet pitty I thy Pitchy servants ruine,
Whose Ribs contribute to their own undoing.
Bold fire, I wou'd we had let thee stil alone,
Lockt in the silent bosome of a stone.
And not have made our selves so overwise,
To find what heaven had hidden from our eyes.
Must we still *Phœnix* like from Ashes grow?
See what our sins, and senseless Servants do!
Well, well, wild Fire, remember for this bout,
When I lock in my doors, I'le put thee out.

Upon a Rusty Patch on an Iron Face.

MAd Scab have at ye; you expect a claw,
To keep the leachery of your itch in awe.
But 'twill not do, I dare not come so nigh,
For scabs are Cabins where the Vermin lye.
Why hast thou like a fool, thy Mony spent,
To make that pocky blotch a *Persian* Tent?
Thou didst a Whore and Clap together get,
And thou hadst torn her Scarf to cover it.
The Pox wou'd fain peep out there, but that you
Are so asham'd, you clap the Casement too.

Thou

Thou ſhouldſt to contradiction be a kin,
To wear a beauty ſpot upon thy Chin?
No, no; there is no beauty in the caſe;
'Tis but a knot upon thy Wainſcoat face.
But will your Copy-hold endure the tutching,
Why then in plain, 'tis a blot in your Scutchin.
Which we muſt not a patch, but plaiſter call,
Not bought at *Change*, but beg'd at th'Hoſpital.
Nor doſt thou patch, but botch; why doſt not ſend
And draw the hole up with a Cobler's End?
Your goodneſs is broke out, and therefore (Sir)
The wodden Draper's turn'd a Plaiſterer.
VVhy doſt thou finger't ſo? and keep a coil,
To trim a face, that is it ſelf a foil.
Indeed I queſtion which the foil wou'd be,
The leporous looks, or ruſty taffatie.
Yet haſt thou, when a Gyrn thou doſt advauce,
A merry, of a murry countenance.
Weſtphalia here brings her reſemblance in,
Thy Face the *Bacon* is, thy Spot the Skin.
Yet not to bring thy Viſage in diſgrace,
Come, hang't, 'twill ſerve for a good riding face.

Upon one that promiſed me Four Cravats, boaſting he had Fifty.

SUre, *(Will.)* you got, by ſome facete deſigns,
All *Danaus* Daughters for your Valentines,
Twas but a dream I fear, and truly I
Did never dream you would tell ſuch a lye.
If you have Ten? thank an induſtrious VVife,
One Hempen one, won'd ſerve you all your life.
You promis'd me Four, in a high carouſe,
The Mountain ſwel'd, & it brought forth a *Mouſe*.

Upon a Truſty Taylor.

THat ſhrid of Gentry, nickt Sir *Thomas*,
Chamelion, led with Aire of promiſe.
A true believer, but he hath
Not the leaſt jot of ſaving Faith;

For,

For, as he liv'd among the *Turks*,
He's damn'd already for his Works:
Did ever *Taylor* venture so?
For dammage, and damnation too.
Poor *Taylor* working thus t'his loss,
He represents the Thief on th'Cross.

To the Gentile Drapers in St. Paul's Church-Yard, retorting to the Play call'd, The Citizen turn'd Gentleman.

THe *Citizen turn'd Gentleman*? what then?
The *Gentleman* is here turn'd *Citizen.*
The Court, and City, like those silken wormes,
Meet in the vast vicissitude of Formes.
Me thinks, in your brave presences, I view
The City's Glory, and the Country's too.
In worst of times you have the best appear'd,
The Church's Champions, and S. *Paul's* Life-guard.
We can read Royalty on every brow:
'Tis therefore rightly styl'd the *Royal Row.*

Whom

Whom we, for this, the Churches Guardians call,
For you have built your Houſes, as its wall.
And ſhow'd, as well your duty, as your skill,
Though there no *Temple* be, ther's Templars ſtill.
And when Phanaticks one another call
To Meetings, you are conſtant to Saint *Paul*.
Whom from the factions, giddy, rude, and vain,
Paul has diſtinguiſht, even by St. *Paul*'s Chain.
Or thus read the diſtinction, if you pleaſe?
The Chriſtians from the Scribes and Phariſees.
These, theſe the honour'd Citizens, are all
Brave Fellow-commoners of the Kingdoms Hall.
Theſe younger Brothers are, that Mony get,
And purchaſe primogeniture by wit.
Who failing Families rear up agen,
And prove themſelves the better Gentlemen;
They prop the falling Houſes, and reſtore
That luſtre the dull Heir had dimm'd before.
Though they, as Sheriffs, ſpend at ſuch a rate,
Wou'd ſhake the moy'tie of a good eſtate,
The ſwelling *Thames*, like that of *ſeven* mouth'd (*Nile*.
Enriches round about her all the Soile.
This City ſets in her Tryumphant Chair,
And all the Country, but her Tenants are.

Upon

Upon one Mrs. K---, *who sets all her Neighbours together by the Ears with lying Tales.*

CEase superannuate, mischievous Creature;
Thou art a K— by name, a Slut by nature.
Dam'd Author of Division, thou art one
The Devil stampt his cloven foot upon.
Dissentions seminary; Thou art but
A busy body, and an idle Slut.
Yea thou art she, that had'st thou power to do't,
Woudst tear in twain our Saviours seamless Coat?
Thou shouldst the Goddess sure of Envy be,
Thou art her Picture, if thou art not she.
Tygress, thou wait'st to tear the harmless Lamb,
And art the Devil, or the Devil's Damme.
Arch Enemy of Peace! Thou may'st be stil'd
The Harlot, wou'd divide the living Child.
Thy Tongue is set on fire of Hell, and thou
Dost Act above, but what they Act below.

Thou

Thou liv'ſt a Rebel to the Prince of Peace,
Until the Grave on thee, as Priſ'ner ſeize.
Accurſed tale of hers! ſhe runs along
And claps both men and women with her tongue;
Go wicked woman, go; the End on't mark,
Thy tales have ruin'd more than *Wherſton*'s Park.

CAROLINA.

SONG.

[1]

SHould I ſigh out my days in grief,
And as my Beads count miſeries,
My wound would meet with no relief;
For all the Balſome of mine Eyes,
I'le therefore ſet my heart at reſt,
And of bad market make the beſt.

[2]

Some ſet their hearts on winged wealth,
Others to honours Towers aſpire,

But

But give me freedom and my health,
And there's the Summe of my desire;
If all the World should pay me Rent,
It cou'd not add to my content.

[3]

There is no fence against our fate,
Eves Daughters all are born to sorrow;
Vicissitudes upon us wait,
That langh to day, and lour to morrow.
Why should we then with wrinckel'd care
Deface what Nature made so fair.

Fair and Faithful.

SONG.

[1]

GO now, thou mighty God of Love,
And plough me up yond' craggy crest,
Where the proud Eagle rears her Nest;

But

But if thou can'ſt not Rocks remove,
In vain thou com'ſt my faith to prove.

[2]

Let Curtezans on Carpets tread,
Embroider'd all with Gold and Pearls,
And talk of nothing under Earls;
Yet I more honour bring to Bed,
In an unſpotted Maiden-head.

[3]

Some pity me to ſee me free,
To ſee me frolick, ſee me drink,
Of which they know not what to think:
Think what they will, I'le honeſt be,
Till thoſe that pity, envy me.

The Quakers *Wedding.*

O Times! O Manners! whither's *Levi* fled,
That Law and Goſpel are abolished?

The

The Red-Nos'd Dragon with his Complices,
To Fundamental Truths Antipodes,
That Coccatrice this curſed Egg has hatcht,
And taught us worſe then ever to be matcht,
They publiſht then at Whipping-Poſts the Banes,
And well I think deſerv'd 'um for their pains.
But we can marry now, hand over head,
And not have ſo much as a forme to plead:
We are not now unto the Juſtice packt,
(Though then there was ſmall Juſtice in the Act.)
But we can marry of our own accord,
Like *Jack* and *Gill*, but leaping croſs a Sword;
But againſt Parties coupled on this wiſe,
Weſtminſter Weddings will in Judgment riſe.
That they ſhould ſtumble, and pretend ſuch light?
They marry wrong, and call't a Marriage Rite.
The Libertine comes in the *Levites* room,
And is at once the Parſon and the Groom.
He babbles like a Bruit, and by, and by;
He takes the Bride, and goes to multiply:
The Bride? I do recall what I have ſe'd,
'Tis not a Bridal, but a Brothel-bed.
They for Conjunction copulative would paſs,
When the Conjunction a Disjunctive was:
For having lain together all their Life,
They are, but as they met, not Man and Wife.
And for a mitigation of their Cares,
They may have many Children, but no Heirs.

And,

And, what a marry'd Man loa'd never yet,
He may a Baſtard of his Wife beget.
For wanting Licence and Certificate,
He leaves his Iſſue Illegitimate.
Te Sons and Daughters of the common Earth,
An off-ſpring outlaw'd in their very birth.
What made them *Jews* and *Gentiles* to invite?
Sure they could never hope a Proſelite.
How Heaven approv'd the juggle you may tell,
When Thunder, Lightning, and a Tempeſt fell:
So dreadful too, though at one clap it ſtopt,
As if the Heavens into Earth's lap had dropt.
Confuſion waited on both Men, and Meat;
Their Marriage and their Feaſt were both a cheat.
A wedding and no wedding brought before ye,
The Devil doubtleſs was the Directorie.
Some Hellebor reſtore 'um to recant,
This ſordid League, and ſenſeleſs Covenant.
O that ſuch vileneſs ſhould affront the Sun!
VVould make a Corner bluſh to ſee it done!
VVhilſt almoſt mad as they, the People ran,
To ſee a Sinner take a Publican.

Upon

Upon a Camp ſhould have been plaid, neer the black houſe by Kirby *for a Crown a piece, and was not.*

THis morning when we came to ſee the Camp,
Some had the Crotchets go; & ſome the cramp.
Where are the pledges of this hot conteſt?
I doubt in earneſt you were but in jeſt.
Ye talk of Crowns, to heighten your renowns,
And meet like Princes, that contend for Crowns.
But you did talk, and I as much dare ſwear,
Of Crowns, when you in the *Crown Office* were.
Ale makes a bargain, and claps haſty hand to't,
And when they cannot ſtand, they ſwear to ſtand (to't.
'Tis well deſigns are over-night forborn,
The Evening is too valiant for the Morn;
Bodies are then too narrow for their ſouls:
Foxes are beſt at burroughs, not at Goals.
Yet ſav'd your credit I preſume, and coſt,
Where there is nothing laid, there's nothing loſt.
Lancaſhire Law, no lawful bargain makes,
Ye rob'd the hedges, if ye left your ſtakes?

Or, if indeed you left your ſtakes in pawn;
Go get your Spades, &ditch, where they are draw
'Tis reaſon you your Horſes necks ſhould force
Into the Collar, ſince you draw out yours.
(ſerveſ
Well, thou that brok'ſt the match, thou beſt de
For legs and arms are in requeſt in harveſt;
Had you been maim'd? ye might have curſt you
A Harveſt Lady does abhor a Cripple. (tiple
But yet that none did Coat or Doublet doff,
At the black houſe ye came but blewly off.
Ropes that wou'd meet the ground can't draw y
And yet a hair of the ſame dog would do't. (to'
They rendezvous, and run away like men,
Won'd Mr. *Haiſet* were alive agen.

To Tom. Sharington, *Commendations to mine Hoſteſs, where his Mare was at Cure.*

Commend us (*Tom*) to all at *Bale*,
Where once we drank a Cup of Ale.

How

How does your good old friend there fare,
Sh'has been a Mother to your Mare;
You may remember who I mean,
In truth, I have forgot her clean.
Forget her clean, how can I too.
Whom clean indeed I never knew.
Or, if I ever did, 'tis yet
So long ago, I may forget.
I know not but she may be clean,
By this, for she was washing then.
And, if she be not; No way but
To give her over for a Slut.
And when e'er her washing's done,
Hang her and let her cloaths alone.
Do you not call to mind the Kitchin,
My Landlady sate like a Witch in.
There where we did Mundungo smoak,
No *Guynie* Pepper wou'd so choak;
Nothing (except her Washbowl) could;
A sense-confusion with it hold.
You know the Cellar's just between,
Kitching and Stable, there I mean.
There where your eye-fore Mare turn'd taile,
Upon the bowsing Tub of Ale;
And with her taunt did it supply,
Fast as mine Hostess drew it dry.
Where she did batten on the dung,
And bake it for a good Ale Bung.

O! if you chance pass by her Door,
I prithee (*Tom*) commend me to her:
And send me word next Post, that I may tell.
Our Mother Damnable, her Sisters well.

Upon a great Windy Night.

WHat time soft slumber in her armes did (lock me,
My Bed turn'd Cradle, and the Wind did (rock me;
But fear of a dead sleep me waking kept,
The more that I was rockt, the less I slept.
Suspicion bad me quickly quit my Bed,
For fear I brought an old house on my head.
But faster than I could get on my cloths,
The unseen winds from misty caverns rose.
The Earth's deliver'd of a Timpanie,
And all the Captives of her womb set free.
I envy'd the instinct of Rats and Mice,
That run away by their own Prophesies.
Sometime I think, and that my dread reforms,
Old houses oftner fall in calms than stormes,
But all that Observation could impart,
Was blown up by an earthquake of my heart.

Thou

Thou God of winds ſaid I, ſome pitty have,
And reeling ſhips, and rotten houſes ſave.
My Anchor hope fled with the flitting ſand,
Whilſt I was almoſt caſt away by Land.
The wanton ſigns did on wind-muſick play,
Whilſt tottering turrets tript themſelves away.
Fair Edifices in the furious ſtormes,
Relaps'd to rubbiſh, and forgat their formes.

An ELEGY *upon old Freeman, us'd hardly by the* Committee, *for lying in the* Cathedral, *and in* Church-Porches, *praying the Common-prayer by heart*, &c.

HEre in this homely Cabinet,
Reſteth a poor old Anchoret;
Upon the ground he laid all weathers,
Not as moſt Men, gooſlike on feathers.
For ſo indeed it came to paſs,
The Lord of Lords his Landlord was.
He liv'd inſtead of wainſcoat rooms,
Like the poſſeſt, among the tombs.

As by some Spirit thither led,
To be acquainted with the Dead.
Each morning from his bed so hallow'd,
He rose, took up his cross, and follow'd.
To every porch he did repair,
To vent himself in Common-prayer.
Wherein he was alone devout,
When preaching justled praying out.
In such procession, through the City,
Maugre the Devil and Committee,
He daily went; for which he fell,
Not into *Jacob's*, but *Bridewell*,
Where you might see his loyal back,
Red letter'd like an Almanack.
Or, I may rather else aver,
Dominickt like a Calendar.
And him tryumphing at the harme,
Having naught else to keep it warm.
With *Paul* he always prai'd, no wonder;
The lash did keep his flesh still under.
Yet whipcord seem'd to loose its sting,
When for the Church, or for the King.
High Loyalty; in such a dearth,
Cou'd baffle torments with mean Earth.
He did not for his sufferings pass,
Who spight of bonds, stil *Freeman* was.
'Tis well his Pate was weather-proof,
For Palace-like it had no Roof.

The

The hair was off, and 'twas the fashion,
The Crown being under Sequestration.
Though bald as Time, and Mendicant,
No Fryer yet, but Protestant.
His head each Morning, and each Even,
Was water'd with the dew of Heaven.
He lodg'd alike, dead and alive, *Bury'd on a Hill in*
As one that did his grave survive. *the cloyster yard,*
For he is still, though he be dead, *where he slept, &*
But in a manner put to bed. *found himself with*
His *Cabin* being above ground yet, *his Head upon*
Under a thin Turf-coverlet. *a Stone.*
Pitty he in no porch does lay,
That did in Porches so much pray;
Yet let him have this Epitaph,
Here sleeps old *Jacob* Stone and Staff.

An ELEGY *upon Sir* Joſeph Payne, *ſometimes Major and Collonel of the Train'd Bands of the City of* Norwich, *who dyed in Harveſt.*

SO falls a ſhock in ſeaſon; Heaven we ſee,
Has begun Harveſt then as well as we:
Not without rain too, though in deep laments,
Our Eyes out-vie the melting Elements.
Yet weep not; *Joſeph* is but ſent before ye,
The Grave his *Ægypt* is, the Heavens his Glory.
Such was his juſt, and generous behaviour,
Got him the Peoples love and Princes favour.
To the Kings hand he owes his great renown:
But ſtill the merit of it to his own.
He was till Nature's oyl decay'd, a Lamp
That did enlighten both the Court and Camp.
Whilſt like the Orbs commanding from a far,
He that our Pilot was, is now our Star.
Which though by many ſphears divided hence,
Governs this City ſtill by influence.

The

The ſolemn pomp that did attend his Herſe,
Lookt, as it death and tryumph had converſe.
They parly, and deliberate of dying,
With lighted Matches, and with colours flying.
As if his Soul of honour ever tender,
In ſpight of death, wou'd upon terms ſurrender.
And bravely brav'd it out, till like *Oſtend*,
Nothing remain'd, but Rubbiſh to defend.
With folded armes the men at armes marcht on
As from the Victory of *Abſolon*.
The ſtand of Pikes their lofty heads did hide,
And Swords like Bandaliers hung a-ſide.
Muskets are charg'd, recoil from off their Reſts,
And Funeral-fire knocks at the Souldiers breaſts.
At laſt they roar it out as thither led,
Like the laſt Trumpet to awake the dead.
Whilſt every Volly as it rends and raves,
Foreſtals an Earthquake and preſents them graves.
To Charity the way he nobly led,
And dy'd to let us ſee ſhe was not dead.
But what his bounty, with the higheſt, ranks,
It was not known till it could know no thanks.
That empty puff of praiſe he car'd not for,
The Benefactor is God's Creditor.
Before the Famin, *Joſeph* layes up Corn;
And milk provided is for babes unborn.
Juſt thus the God of Charity began,
Firſt he made ready meat, and then made Man.

Pure

Pure Eleemoſyne thus to contrive,
Like providence to keep the World alive.
Mammon well laid out, mony wiſely given:
Like Forein Bills paid at firſt ſight in heaven.
What can I further add? here in a word,
Lyes the Comptroller of the Gown, & Sword.

An ELEGY *Perpetuated to the Memory of* Henry Terne, *Eſq; Captain of the Triumph.*

THus fell he at hard fates command,
Yet like himſelf with Sword in hand.
What pitty 'twas he could not git
So neer, as to make uſe of it,
To try it out with manly ſtrife
Of Sword! He then had ſold his life.
So dear a bargain to the *Dutch*,
They ne'er had wiſht another ſuch;
He had ſo handy-grip'd his foe,
But Bullets no diſtinction know.
For Canons are a like diſeaſe,
To *Clineas*, and to *Pyrocles*.

Four

Four *Spaniſh* ſhips at once he fought.
And from 'um all the Garland brought.
But afterwards, (pitty ſay I)
Where Cowards live, the Valiant dye:
This Son of Honour laid his head,
With honour, down on Honour's Bed.
And certainly he wants no room,
That has the Ocean for his Tomb.
Whom now in ſcorn of future harmes,
The Seas embrace with out-ſtretcht Armes.
The Royal Herring brings his Crown,
And at his Feet he layes it down:
Ten Thouſand Dolphins next reſort,
And play about to make him ſport.
A Sea-Horſe was his Horſe of State,
For Champion, he a Sword Fiſh gate.
And *Neptune*, coming to the place,
Converts his Trident to a Mace.
Only the *Syrens* from him ſwim,
Afraid to be out-charm'd by him,
Thus high, or low, be where he will,
He's Captain of the *Triumph* ſtill.
But, having thus the Ocean croſt,
Let me now tell ye what we loſt.
No Plummet could his Learning ſound,
Alive, and dead too, he's profound.
So qualify'd, he could prevail,
Alike with Gown, and Coat of Mail.

He

He had a hand would all things ſute,
Either the Sword, the Pen, or Lute.
Thus we in one have loſt all three,
Apollo, *Mars*, and *Mercurie*.
No more then on the queſtion ſtand,
The Seas now richer than the Land.
And we may well ſay Loyalty,
Lies in the bottom of the Sea.

An ELEGY *upon the Right Worſhipful Sir* Thomas Rant.

LOoks take your leave of ſmiles; let every eye
Be dreſt in ſorrows ſaddeſt Livery.
Prepare for newes, for news that will depreſs
Your Spirits with a load of Heavineſs.
Where every Mourner cauſe has to be chief,
There needs gradation to ſo great a grief!
He's faln, he's faln! a Man of that renown,
The wonder, and the glory of the Gown.
Whom *Norfolk* call'd (that well his learning knew)
Laws Oracle, and Lord Chief Juſtice too.
Were caſes ne'er ſo nice, he needed not
With *Alexander* cut the Gordeon knot:

His

His piercing Eye enlighten'd by his wit,
What others tore a pieces could unknit:
Such was his love to Juſtice too, that Might
Could never boaſt the Victory of Right.
His Poiſe ſo juſt was, and his Scales ſo even,
Men thought *Aſtrea* came again from heaven.
He ſtill made Peace, deliver'd the Oppreſt,
And therefore had the promiſe to be bleſt.
Thus, thus he liv'd, and went at his deceaſe,
As a Peace-maker, to the Prince of Peace.
He got enuff, and when enuff, did know,
I wou'd all other Lawyers wou'd do ſo.
Heaven, out of doubt (& heaven alone knows beſt)
In kindneſs gave him his *Quietus eſt*.

His charity, which with the beſt compares,
He writ himſelf in living Characters.
He has, as it ſufficiently is known,
Provided for more Widows than his own.
Learned he was, and Loyal too, if we
Mayn't rather ſay, Learning and Loyaltie.
In ſumme, he ſuch accompliſhments engroſt,
'Tis not one Age can ſay what we have loſt.
Well may we then go weep our fountains dry,
And leave a deluge for poſterity.

An ELEGY *upon* Miles Hobart, *Esq*; *who dy'd the* Friday *before good* Friday.

WHat *time* we thought our *fasting* almost *done*,
Another *Lent* our mourning has begun:
A *Lent* two *Fridays* hath, both dy'd in blood,
Ah me (sweet *Miles*) the bad foreſtalls the good:
And yet, pleaſe you? we'l both good *Fridays* call,
His for himſelf, our Saviour's for us all.
He left no Widow to bedew his Hearſe,
With fruitleſs, if not hypocritick teares.
But, as an Angel of a nobler Sphear,
He was in this, as all things, ſingular.
Such was his lofty, and prodigious Wit,
No *Jacob*'s ſtaff could take the height of it.
And ſuch his candour, *Titus* like, he ſent
None from his preſence ſad, or diſcontent.
So juſt, ſo generous, ſo gentile was he,
No Man can ſay, h'as loſt an Enemy.
Coaches and numerous Horſmen have wel-prov'd,
How much lamented, and how much belov'd.

Who

Who thought it not enuff at home to mourn,
But many Miles rid weeping to his Urne.
Where neither Braſs, nor Marble need be ſpent
Name but *Miles Hobart*, 'tis a Monument.

An Elegy *upon the Reverend* John Porter, *D. D. and Prebend of Chriſt-Church in* Norwich.

A Star is faln, an Orb does diſappear,
Was late the glory of our Hemiſphear.
So vaſt his Learning, this all-knowing Man,
Was lookt on as a living Vatican.
For Piety, he was ſo all divine
That *Moſes* like his very face did ſhine.
His Loyalty I need not here maintain,
His ſufferings ſhow he lov'd his Soveraign.
But maugre Men and Devils, he laid down
His head in peace, and with a ſilver Crown.
Yet liv'd to ſee his Prince, and give God praiſe,
For ten illuſtrious Reſtauration dayes.
His Sons all proſper, and his Daughters are,
Like poliſht Corners of the Temple, fair. As

As if indulgent Heaven intended he
Should have amends in his Posteritie.
For his humility, this all Men know,
Of parts so high, ne'er Man had mind more low.

Upon a Red Face.

A Bucket ho! He shou'd be of the race,
Of *William Rufus*, by his rufull face.
His Nose according to the Heralds rules,
Powder'd with Ermins is, in a field Gules.
His face else, which does so with Rubies shine,
A Jewellers shop is, and his Nose the sign.
When a black Sute his Taylor does him send,
He is a Charcole lighted at one end.
His bow-dye Flag in the Red-squadron place,
But he show'd a Fireship by his face.
He is an *Olivarian*, and no wonder,
His precious looks, what are they else but *plunder?*
For, as a Maxim, this have I held ever,
That a red face is sign of a bad Liver.
Yet to speak truth, he has a Snout as fair,
As rising Sun, or *Turkey*-leather Chair.
And say no Coals, we from *Newcastle* get,
His fiery face wou'd roast a Joynt of Meat.

The

The Low Eſtate of the Low-Country Counteſs of Holland, *on Her Death-bed, with the Advice of her Doctors, and Confeſſors.*

SEe how ſhe lies in poor diſtreſſed *State*,
Whom all her Doctors now judge deſperate.
Fain would her widen'd arms ſome comfort claſp,
But comfort comes too late, at the laſt gaſp.
Her Children, and her near Relations run,
About the Streets, and cry undone, undone!
And ſwear that the Phyſicians do not come
To Cure, but ſend her to her long, long home.
The North-pole Doctor feels her Pulſe to be
As feeble now, as her Authoritie:
Whoſe conſtitution ſometimes ſince ſo good,
Had ſhe been temperate? ſhe might ſtil have ſtood.
But with her Spice-box ſhe kept ſuch a coile,
She heat her blood, and made it over-boile.
By which Diſtemper ſhe a Frenzy gat,
And ſaid, and did at laſt ſhe knew not what.

Nay She, in this Diſtemper of her Brain,
Fancy'd her ſelf ſole Soveraign of the Main,
A main miſtake indeed, like Dreams of baggs,
Or ſuch, wear Robes in ſleep, but riſe in raggs.
She that on Pictures doted ſo, may here,
Her ſelf the Picture ſee of a dear Year.
Next Doctor to a Surfeit does impute,
From her devouring too much *Spaniſh* Fruit:
And not digeſting Crudities, he ſays,
Has turn'd the Butter in her Maw to greaſe.
He ſayes beſides, her Tongue is very fowl,
And he is in the right on't, o' my Soul;
To gargle it, in vain ye go about,
'Twill ne'er be clean, until it be clean out.
Nay, ſhe the Scurvy has too, and in truth,
This laſt Sea Fight has drawn out her laſt tooth.
Another ſays, 'tis a malignant Feaver,
Sprung from her falſer heart, and fouler Liver;
The ferment of her Stomack gives it way,
And it does on her very Vitals prey.
Hot-ſpur whips out his Lance, to let her blood,
E're he her Malady well underſtood.
Yet he an able Doctor is, although
With her, he's no approv'd Phyſician now.
Hold, quoth a ſoberer Doctor, ſhe's too old,
She's full a hundred, and her days are told.
Her blood is turn'd to a pituitous matter,
She's Dropſical, and drown'd in her own water.

She makes it freely, but no ease at all,
Although it overflow the Urinal.
Next comes a whistling Doctor with a Vomit;
But that the graver sort dissuade her from it.
For it, alas, would but her griefs enhance,
And make her spew out her Inhabitants:
Her lower Region under Water lies,
And if ye draw it up, she drowns and dies.
What then to her do ye intend to do?
She has a Feaver, and a Dropsie too.
Her spirits that so haughty were are fled,
And here she bed-rid lies more than half dead;
She is departing, and the People just
Ready to lay her honour in the dust.
Farewell Physicians, your too costly fees,
Have Bank-rupt her, and drawn her to the Lees.
She's in a weak estate, and now time for
An Application to her Confessor.
Who here, good Father, leans on the Bed-post,
With extreme Unction, Crucifix and Host.
If any possibility appear?
To exorcise the Devil out of her;
And being for her Hellish actions sorry,
To pray her in and out of Purgatory.
But shrive her to the bottom; when she is
Fit for the next world, she is fit for this.
But stay, here comes a Doctor from the *Hague*,
A Soveraign Doctor cures her of her Plague.

She that but now was sinking, soon shall swim,
Soon as she swears she will be rul'd by him.
We hear that she has done it; Then be sure,
Her very Resignation is her Cure.
Who knows what virtues in an *Orange* dwell!
An *Orange* only 'tis, cou'd make her well.

The Royal Rendezvous.

Or, the Magnificence of His Majesties Fleet.

BLess me! where am I? to what Ruine bent?
I should be by this moving Grove in *Kent*.
Me thought, I saw a City on the Seas,
And by the Steeples told the Parishes.
There might be as I guess, twice seventy seven,
Whose *Babel* Towers were climbing up to *Heaven*.
Their Language was confusion, and their breath
Darken'd the Aire with sentences of death.
They seem'd as 'twere a Stand of Pikes, or Trees
That over-top the humble Coppices.

With

With these high towring Masts our Muse begins,
And, where such Sign-posts are, what are the *Inns*?
Those *Trojan* Horses, form'd by Pallas charms;
Not stuff'd with Garbidg, but with Men and Arms;
Those wooden Mountains, on the Navy Main,
As if the Gyants fought with *Jove* again.
If *Philip* King of *Spain* did once call his
Invincible, what wou'd he think of this?
Away with *Xerxes* Chains, fond foolerie,
'Tis such a Fleet as this, fetters the Sea.
You wou'd have thought that the tumultuous *flood*
Was not so much an Ocean, as a Wood:
And that vast womb of Ships, Forest of *Dean*,
Stub'd by the Rebels, was grown up again.
A floating Island, a Realm did surpass,
Denmark and *Dantzick* for your choice of Masts.
I'm confident next Month we shall advance
May-Poles enough to make the *Dutchmen* dance.
Did you but see our Frigats, you would swear,
Norway had left scarce either Pitch or Tar.
For Lead, you wou'd suppose here *Darby* was,
For Iron *Bilboe*, and *Corinth* for Brass.
And for provision, you wou'd think you were
In *Ægypt* to behold the Corn that's here.
Brandy, although sufficient, we decline,
Spirits of Men are here, give Cowards wine:
And say, seven Provinces united be,
Each Ship of ours is a whole Colonie.

And lofty Waves that as Spectators crowd,
Honour'd with such a Fleet may well be proud.
Whilst both the Waters and the VVinds agree,
To swell our Sailes into a Tympanie.
VVhat shall we not be able then to do,
That have great *Cæsar*, and his fortunes too.
And superadded to this a Cause so just,
We might to providence and cockboats trust;
But blest be Heaven, we have a Royal Fleet,
Will make those Picture-mongers crouch to see't.
Talk not of *Tempus est*, *Bacon*'s an Ass,
Our wooden Walls are stronger than his brass.

Upon one Bacon *Rob'd by a* Red Coat.

THe time and place, hunger and hazard set,
And th'Combatants, Calveshead & *Bacon* met.
Bacon set up his brizzels, one wou'd pawn,
Their life at present, *Bacon* had been brawn,
VVhom the keen Souldier collard, and so home
Laid at him, *Bacon* was all of a some;

VVho

VVho ſtoutly thus retorted; be n't miſtaken,
To ſtay your ſtomack, Sir, know I am *Bacon*.
Bacon was of good chear, and thought to beat him,
But the rude *Redcoat* lookt as he wou'd eat him.
And being ſtomackful, he falls aboard,
In which ſharp Conflict, *Bacon* loſt his ſword.
About his brains he brandiſht his bright flaſher,
The very ſight of *Bacon* made him raſher.
And at each ſtive, cutting at *Bacon*'s britch,
Sixteen by honours, made poor *Bacon* Flitch.
The Son of Iron follow'd, hackt, and chopt,
Bacon was fat, and in the broil he dropt.
VVho now his Belly full of fighting got,
Never alas, went *Bacon* ſo to Pot!
Tormented thus in his own greaſe, he fries
Poor *Bacon* turning up the Eggs of 's Eyes.
And, ſeeing that the Souldier was ſo teaſty,
Bacon repented he had been ſo reaſty.
For now he knew not what himſelf to do with,
Bacon, alas, had ne'er a hamme to go with.
The Souldier from his bones the fleſh had taken,
And made a very Sparrib now of *Bacon*.
At length the Souldier having out of meaſure,
Larded his leanneſs with fat *Bacon*'s treaſure,
Away marcht off that Rogue of the red liſt,
Whom, to his coſt, *Bacon* had greaz'd ith' fiſt.
Bacon hoy'd home too, but he cou'd not gallop,
A man might ſee *Bacon* had loſt a Collop.

But how muſt Bacon now recruit this Lent?
VVhy *Bacon* muſt to Peaſe incontinent.
To change conditions, *Bacon* did deſire,
Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire.
But it had been, had he been wiſe to hear?
Butter for Bacon he had ne'er been there.
VVho can but pitty what the whole deſtroyes?
Never was Bacon ſlic'd ſo in a froiſe!
But e're he meet again ſuch two-edg'd talk,
Bacon ſwears he'l be hang'd upon a bawlk:
And that he might the powers above acquaint,
Poor *Bacon* took him to his Gridiron-Saint:
Yet when at laſt the matter up was taken,
The Souldier got many a Pound of Bacon.

Upon the New Vizor Mask.

I Have an Offering to *Lucinda's* Lipps,
And wou'd, but cannot pay't, for the Eclipſe.
That keeps off my benighted Eye, I mean,
The Curtain that divides it from the Scene.
Why ſhould the fair purſue the ſmoke? your brow
Shews Woman is a double ſhadow now.

The

The Raven's billing with the milky Dove;
And *Vulcan*'s kiſſing of the Queen of *Love*.
The Swan has clapt her foot upon her face,
Nor can I *Juno* for this Cloud embrace.
Thy fair face blemiſht with ſo foul a blot,
Is like a *China* Diſh in a black Pot.
The ſight portends at leaſt a Funeral,
Where beauty lies under a Velvet Pall.
Here we a Deity unknown adore,
And dig for Silver bury'd in its Ore,
Why ſhould'ſt load a fruitful face with ſoil?
Thy beams are brighter than to need that ſoil.
Let Batts, and Owles beg eye-ſalve of the dark,
I cannot ſee my Daphne for her bark.
Say (my *Lucinda*) for what diſcontent,
Keep thy all Roſie cheeks ſo ſtrict a *Lent*?
Say, is thy face, which thou doſt thus diſguiſe,
In mourning for the Murders of thine eyes?
If that be ſo? (ſweeteſt) I ſhould be proud,
To lend thee mine, as Conduits to this Cloud?
Or, if thou hadſt reſolv'd, not to be ſeen?
A frown to me had more than midnight been.
Or, hadſt thou envy'd me that happy ſight?
Why didſt not blind me with redundant light?
But, if to hide deformity? then croud
Ten thouſand patches more into the cloud.

A Vindication of the Vizor-Mask.

THen trouble me no more, but go and ask
Aſtronomers why *Luna* wears a Mask.
Or, why the Stars, that of themſelves are bright?
For want of ſhadows, make a Mask of Light?
If, as to theſe, you ignorance confeſs,
How dares your rudeneſs then attach my dreſs?
Whoſe Subterfuge, I take but in Extreams,
Of the Face-ſullying foggs, and ſultry beams.
In ſofteſt skins my tender hands I caſe,
And wou'd you have me weather-beat my face?
But hold; the faſhion moves you, it appears,
'Cauſe it wants tape to tack it to my eares.
Or cauſe it wants, and that's the cauſe I doubt,
My Grandum's Chin-cloth here, to eke it out.
No, I ſhall put my Mask on here, and ſave
My Muffer for my portage to my Grave.
A ſuitable, though ſubtle field's my Vaile,
Richer by far than yours, *parte per pale*.

You

You say it covers both, my Cheeks and Chin,
And tell me, pray Sir, are not they a kin?
But here's the matter makes my Mask unmeet,
It hides my face, 'tis like when you wou'd see't.
If so? I am, and with a just Excuse,
In pitty to your weakness, a Recluse.
For fearing a Surprize, my Face I hid,
Lest I should tempt you with the fruit forbid.
You say you know me not, what then? the Tree
Of Knowledg has a Root of Miserie.
You tell us thousand stories in your Books,
That Women wound ye with their very looks.
Mine may be ponyards for ought you e're saw.
And are you angry that I do not draw?
Mischiefs have Dragons Eyes, be wise, and keep
Pandora's Box shut, and let Lions sleep.
Be not so fool-hardy, and so fond of death,
To dare out Steel, that slumbers in its sheath:
Consider but, it is as safe to stare,
Upon a Basilisk, as her that's fair.
And have no hope; if she be otherwise?
Her Mask is then a mercy to thine Eyes.
Say I am to a state of Marriage come,
Do I not well to keep my Face at home?
Or, if unmarry'd; tell me why I should,
Keep open shop, where nothing's to be sold;
Given, or parted with; but say there were;
Believe it, 'tis but to one Customer?

And

And to direct him to this heart of mine,
I need not set my Face out for a sign.
Thus Maid or marry'd fair, foul, what you will,
The *Vizor-Mask* carries a favour still.

To One that told Me, He had Three Heads.

(Head.

THree heads (dear *Will.*) you run too much a
If *Cerberus* you were; you had well se'd.
A Serpent, which we *Amphisbena* call,
Report allows two heads, but that is all;
With this they say that she does forward go,
And with that, backward; sure you do not so.
Janus, I must confess two Faces had,
Yet to two faces, he had but one Head.
But you have three, or else you tell a lie,
Do they like *Hydra*'s heads pray multiply?
Come rant no more at such unlikely strains;
One head enuff is (*Will.*) to hold your brains.

Upon

Upon a Hoſier that carry'd His Wife to give Her a Lobſter, and lockt Her up in an Apothecarie's *Houſe, pretending her mad, where She was kept* Fourteen *Days with Bread and Water.*

WAs this the *Lobſter* that you meant her *pray?*
Well, I commend ye, you did claw'r away.
You Lady, and the Lobſter's Lady met,
But there was too much vinegar at the Treat.
Yet by your binding to the good behaviour,
'Twas not a *Lobſter*, but a *Crab* you gave her.
Was this to give your Wife a chearly doſe,
To carry her abroad to keep her cloſe?
Whom Heaven made one, thus to divide, you are
Worſe than two Stockins, for they make a paire.
Was this the way think you to tame a ſhrow?
Beſhrow my heart, I cannot think it ſo.

No,

No, no; it was in such a treatherous case,
The way to fit a VVoman for the Place.
And, if she still her wonted troth retain?
She's mad indeed, then, send her back again.
Would you your wife, alive, thus bury'd have?
'Cause Jealousie is cruel as the Grave.
Sure, having been so long your wife, it might
Have quencht that brand, and others appetite.
Come, come, I doubt, you thus made sure of her,
To make your self more safe Adulterer.
But for the *Pothecary*, may it be said,
A fool for once in his own Mortar braid.
And may the Man that won'd so fain have had
His *Wife* distracted, be Himself Horn-mad.

Cornu petit ille Caveto.

Pallor in ore Sedet.

HEr piteous looks may happly move
Compassion in Me, never Love.
Shall I bow down, or kneel to that,
Which seems to me inanimate,
So while I to my suite addict her,
I pray with *Papists* to a Picture.

Do ye not ſee how meager death,
Seems through her Organs to ſteal breath?
As *Succubus* had from the duſt,
Reard her to gratify his Luſt.
Tell me pale *Phebe*, do'nt you climb
Old walls to banquet on the Lyme.
I know you love ſuch Feſtivals,
Your white-waſht cheeks reſemble walls.
Say Mother piteous, do you not
For Oatmeal, rob the Porridg-pot?
Run you not into private holes,
To break your Faſt with Salt, and Coals?
I might a thouſand knacks repeat,
What could I name, but you would eat?
In ſhame whereof, your blood refrains
Your Cheeks, and lurks within your veines.
Until it be *Subpœna'd* thence,
By your flagitious Conſcience.
Nor are you *Lilly* like, but ſallow,
And ſappy-countenanc'd, like tallow.
For when your dripping Noſe you handle,
You ſeem to me to ſnuff a Candle.
And they that keep you reap diſgrace,
Whilſt Men read Famine on your Face.
Nature's beſieg'd, and all her pores
Obſtructed, block up her recourſe.
Nor can ſhe ſuch improvement feel,
In Allome Poſſet, or crude ſteel.

To

To whom, alas, there's nothing can
Be so Effectual, as Man.
VVhat need we then care for such Wives?
That marry but to save their Lives.
He must as much, that weddeth thee,
Thy Doctor, as thy Husband be.
No, I'le to Tavern, where being come,
The first Attendant shews a Room.
The next presents a glancing Lass,
Like *Venus* in a *Venice*-Glass.
VVith that I knock, and as some sprite,
I conjure up pure Red, and White.
My Circle's a round Table; And,
In midst thereof does *Hymen* stand,
VVith a light Tapour, when I call,
To Celebrate my Nuptiall.
Here do I a *French* Madam place,
And there a sweet-lipt *Spanish* Lass.
Here all in white a Lady dances,
And there in Red another glances.
And, least mine Eye want fresh delight,
Here sets Claretta, Red, and VVhite.
Nor do I Complement I tro',
But tell 'um plain, 'tis so, and so.
They struggle not, nor are they Coy;
But, I may what I will enjoy:
No, there's no Coile made for a kiss,
Though melting, melting, melting Bliss.

No ſhifting from the friendly Cup,
But I may freely all take up.
And in each face, if I ſo pleaſe?
I'le court mine own Effigies.
Who would not then on this Stage act *Narciſſus*,
Where lively Lips ſo ſweetly ſay come kiſs us.

Upon One pretending to Treat His Wife with a Lobſter, and putting of her in Lobſpound.

[1]

NEws (Sirs) News from near the *Exchange*,
News indeed, and wonderous ſtrange,
And what makes me the bolder.
It is a ſtory of an Aſs,
When *Oliver* took Horſeback, was
His Stirrop-holder.

[2]

His Wife, whom he ſuſpected Light,
He to a *Lobſter* did invite,
But ſhe found no ſuch matter:

For, when unto the Place she came,
To treat Her Palate with the same,
Deile a bit, but Bread and Water.

[3]

Unto an Apothecary,
Did the *Hosier* his Wife carry,
Stockt with neither groat, nor teaster:
Where a Fortnights famishment,
She found, and a lean-jaw'd *Lent*,
When she lookt for full-mouth'd *Easter*.

[4]

Thus this woful, wicked Scab,
For a Lobster, gave a Crab,
A Crab that did so claw Her;
Her Husband did it for the nonce,
And tore the Flesh so from her bones,
He scarce cou'd know her, when he saw her.

[5]

Did ever 'Pothecary think,
To Cure her with such Diet-drink?
A cruel, curs'd *Cromwellian*!

Though

Though he falſe Knave, was in the Plot,
Alas good Woman, ſhe was not,
Nor in the leaſt Rebellion.

[6]

What pitty is it then, that ſhe
Should ſuffer for his Jealouſie;
Whom ſhe had never injur'd:
Becauſe he at Bull-feather Fair,
Had met a parcel of ſuch Ware,
Such Bread, was too much ginger'd.

[7]

Is this the way to tame a ſhrow?
Believe me, I can't think it ſo:
No wanton, nor no gadder;
This was a courſe ſo curs'd, ſo ſad;
That, if indeed ſhe had been mad?
It muſt have made her madder.

[8]

Was this the way he did intend,
The manners of his Wife to mend?
I like not ſuch forecaſting:

For I am almoſt of the mind,
That he this roguery deſign'd,
To find her freſh and faſting.

[9]

Might I now but have my wil',
I wou'd throw away my Quill,
And equal to his merit:
I wou'd to a Conduit bring.
This crackt, and craſie, horn-mad thing,
And ſouce Him for a ſpirit.

[10]

But He's ſuch a Knave in grain,
Water wou'd be ſpent in vain.
No, no, he has a debtor;
That is an offended Wife,
Will requite him to the life;
And who can do it better?

SONG.

SONG.

[1]

NOw since we are met,
And a round, a round set,
Fresh Joyes to beget;
Come, bless my right hand with a Bowl,
A health to the King,
And him that will bring,
The like Offering,
'Tis he, 'tis he is an honest Soul.

[2]

No Coffee we use,
Our selves to abuse,
With plotting false Newes,
Then fill up my Glass to the brim:
In duty, and kindness,
All health to his Highness,
And to his Foes, *Finis*:
Till my Tongue like his Squadrons swim.

[3]

Now in the Seas bottome,
Let the *Dutch* beſot 'um,
Till we have forgot 'um,
And tumble and toſs to and fro:
Like Victors I think,
Now our Pockets chink,
'Tis juſt that we drink,
Since the *Dutch* are dead-drunk below.

A Conteſt at the Hoop-Tavern *between two Lawyers.*

TWo *Lawyers* had of late a *Tavern*-Jarr,
And as 'twas made, 'twas try'd at *Bacchus* Bar,
The *Jury*, Pints, and Quarts, and Pottles were,
Each of a quick and underſtanding Eare,
Brought in their Verd ct, which no ſooner paſs'd,
But that the *Lawyers* they themſelves did caſt,
Sir *Burdeux* Claret, White, Signiour Canary,
Sir *Reynold Rhenish*, with a Certiorary,

Whipt

Whipt up my Youths,(& they ye know were able)
This into th'Chimny, that beneath the Table,
Where They lay both, instead of a demur,
So foxt, that neither in the case, could stir,
They might have else a *Writ of Error* got,
But, O the Error of the Pottle-pot!
Both over-thrown, and on their backs now laid,
Let the Sute fall, and their own charges paid.
And thus, though *Westminster* make *Clients* stoop,
The *Lawyers* Case was alter'd at the *Hoop*.

An ELEGY *upon Mrs.* R. H. *who dyed for Love of a piteous perfideous Presbyterian.*

UNhappy Maid! in this yet, ever blest,
Paid Love, and Nature, Debt, and Interest.
This happens not to common Souls, none save
The Noble-minded, love-deep as the Grave.
Disdain did smother what she else had spoke,
And to prevent complaint, her *heart*-strings broke;
Tamely submitting to her stubborn fate,
Left *Love* abus'd should end in equal hate.

In this her Destiny seem'd kind, and witty,
Since he could slight his faith, to scorn his pitty:
Love, lovely Maid, like Lightning came to thee,
Dissolv'd the Steel, and set the Scabbard free.
Base minds had never understood his quirks,
Or Objects capable his Magick works.
Her passion she did in her bosome choak,
The flame was so all-pure, there was no smoak:
Her looks she did to her concerns estrange,
As her outside were ignorant of her change.
For as those Apples, which we *Sodom* call,
She flourisht in the instant of her fall.

But, that the Object of her love was such,
So incorsiderable, troubled me much!
To rob her of her self, and honour too,
What is't a *Presbyterian* will not do!
Yet do not pitty her, though she be dead,
A Grave is safer, than a Traytor's Bed.
A miscreant, at Ends so base did drive,
Wou'd not permit her very Name survive.
Go, go, perfideous wretch, thy fate abide,
Fate that will find thee double homicide.
Yet, if thou canst: (I doubt it though) farewell,
But Conscience is a Prologue to thy Hell.
Whilst lovely *Rachel* has shakt off this life,
To be more happy, than to be a Wife.

Since

Since men turn women, and inconſtant prove,
More welcome Death, than either life, or love.
Be this recorded for all dainty Dames.
Here lies a Maid martyr'd in her own flames.

A. B. *To an Old Woman was afraid He would ſteal her Daughter, who was ugly, and crooked as a Sythe, and Light withall.*

STeal, didſt thou think? and ſuch a one as ſhe?
I'd hang my ſelf then for ſuch felonie:
My breeding makes me civil, even to them,
Whom piety commands me not contemn;
But to make ſerious love to ſuch a one,
Pigmaleon like, I'd ſooner court a Stone.
Preterimperfect & piece, who wou'd come nigh her?
Warpt a to ſide with her own hot deſire.
Such a miſhap't, ſuch a ſhip-timber'd quean,
An ill-grown crotch, of the Foreſt of *Dean*.
A bunch-backt Camel, or a ragged Staff,
An object cou'd not make me love, but laugh?
She's Nature's Paradox, Form's hypocrite,
For ſhe too crooked is, and yet too right.

I'm

I'm not for *Dolphin* ſtamp, nor will I be
Put off with ſuch a Four-pence hal'pennie:
No, (*Debora*) thou Daughter of old *Al'ce*,
I love not high and low, a wench of *Wales*.
The ſecond off-ſpring of the curled Ocean,
Whoſe Body ſhows its bendy-wavy motion.
Sure Nature thee did for ſome Pedlar make,
And gave thee this thy Budget at thy back.
Deb: thy affection on ſome other hurle,
I am not bent to wed a crooked Girle.
But, if againſt my will, thou wilt be mine?
We'l wed at *Bow*, and at the *Dolphin* Dine.
Of this, be ſure I ſhall have ſcold enuff;
For, though ſhe hold her *tongue*, her *back* will huff.

An ELEGY *ſome Years after the Death of his honoured Cozen Mr.* R. Cooke.

BUt now, to pamp our Poſthume Elegies?
Fye, fye; we but blaſpheme his Obſequies.
No more, my Muſe, for if our noiſe increaſe,
His very duſt will bind us to the peace:

Wouldſt

Wouldst thou revive his happy Memory?
And make Immortal that which cannot dye?
No, no, *Urania*; there remains no more,
But to Excuse what we did not before.
Let what is truth, give us this just relief;
We could not write at present for our grief;
Our sighs were deeper than his dusty Bed,
And Fancy from the Face of sorrow fled.
Whilst every heart so sunck beneath its moan,
It might, for heavineſs have been his Stone.
Nay now, even now, after so many years,
I drown my Eyes and Paper with my tears.

Of which, a Floud has blinded me so sore,
As his, though cold, and cloath'd, can be no more.

Sleep on dear Dust, although with Head full low,
Our Friend h'as paid that Debt to Nature now:
That You, and I, and all Men living owe.

The Woman's Warre; Or, the DUTCH *beat to Dirt by the* Frowes.

BUt are the *Hogan Mogan* grown so tame,
The *Belgick* Lyon made the Womans game?
Shall thus the froward Frowes with Basting ladle,
Unstate the *States* out of the stately Sadle?
Are they so childish grown? so dead i'th Nest,
They must again by Women be undrest?
To what a daring height will that Sex grow,
If Lords, like Infants, must be swaddel'd so?
What, is the *Stathouse* then turn'd *School*? that they
Must have School-mistresses their Points untie.
Are these the Chair-women to sweep the Rome?
I fear me, they have swept it with *Trump*'s broom.
Who would a Sweeper of the *Sea* have bin,
But Reformation they at home begin;

For

For these Virago's having other Ends,
Did their own *Stathouse* first of *Cobwebs* cleanse.
Frowes, that in private House no dirt endure,
Will not allow it in the Publick sure.
Who then knows whether the Precedencie,
Belongs to valour, or good huswiferie! (Lord,
The word quoth Frow, and then she beards the
Strange Army sure, where *Women* ask the word!
The word, the *Souldiers* guard, to *Women* give!
Nay, then trust *Aqua Vitæ* in a Sive.
They ask the word? I wou'd have given 'um none:
Women will give a hundred words for one:
I should have thought, soon as they were so bold,
To ask the word, they meant forth-with to scold.
Give 'um the word; Give 'um the *Breeches* too:
Custome has taught the Sex first give it you.
Come, come, the Proverb our belief does wrong,
Woman has other weapons than her tongue.
Doubtless their duty they do much neglect,
Where Men do ill, and women must correct.
If Husbands thus be under hatches pent?
Next News will be a *Woman-Parliament.*
Where all for order-sake must out of course,
Bells ring the Ropes, and the *Cart* draw the *Horse.*
What then? you must a second *Chaos* see,
Of all things in the Female Anarchie.
The servile Sex the nobler will decrest;
And turn *Low-Country* Amazons at least.

Where

Where *Hercules* himself must once again,
Lay by his Club, and with his Distaff spin.
What is't the *Dutch* must not of out-rage feel,
When *Holland* Gorgets are turn'd into steel.
What can expected be, where Females sway,
Where they have sworn, and ought too, to obey
Men, that should be the head, must be the taile,
When Petticoats put on the Coat of Male.
If thus the Ladies lead the Lords a dance,
No *Saladine* must any shirt advance.
The *Hogan Frowes* would now, (O pretty sport)
Because they kept the *Shop* well, keep the *Court*.
The *English* Dames that once subdu'd the *Danes*,
With honour were rewarded for their pains:
Whereat the *Frowes* to make their glory such,
Wou'd *Dane* their *Lords*, and do for them as much.
Wou'd these be thought the *Soveraigns* of the *Sea*
Lords, thus Bear-garden'd with *Mal*-Cut-purses?

If Women thus break the Republick pate?
Faith, we must have a Riding for the *State*.

Mart. Ep. *Hæc jam fœminea vidimus acta manu.*

FINIS.